

Common Ground

What America Means to Me
John Beecher

LAWS EDUCATE Marie Syrkin

BLESSED BE THE HOLY SAINTS Helen Papashvily

MAIN STREET—SPRINGFIELD Clarence I. Chatto
and Alice L. Halligan

HOW DO CHILDREN LEARN SUCH THINGS?

Isabel Currier

ROADS GOING DOWN Frank Yerby

IN AMERICA YOU SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Wallace Stegner

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Milla Z. Logan

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*Common
Ground*

Summer, 1945

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To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

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CG

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

JOHN BEECHER

I WAS sixteen and working straight nights in Birmingham on the open hearth, 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 a.m. except Sundays, when it was 4 p.m. to 6:30 a.m. and Saturdays, when I was off. One week I would be working with Old Man John Kennedy's turn and the next with Old Man Ike Blaylock's turn. The weeks with Old Man Ike's were by far the best. They were like the light of the moon, and the others the dark. It wasn't that Old Man John wasn't a good melter. He had the best practice record of any melter in the United States, up around .997, and every month he would beat Old Man Ike and collect the bigger bonus.

Old Man John would come in the open hearth office at the beginning of his shift and check the lab analyses on all the heats he'd tapped on his last. Putting on his specs, he would scan the reports from the lab. When an off-heat would turn up, he would snort and blow like some bull.

"Domn," he would say. "I told Tawmy to put more mahnganese in her."

Or he would say, "Domn chemists oughta run the heats right. Domn chemists missed that one."

Always it was somebody else's fault when Old Man John missed a heat. Old Man Ike was different. He took the blame.

"I figgered I read that break-test wrong,"

he would say. "Nate told me I was off about five points of carbon."

Old Man Ike would even worry about heats he thought were off, but turned out OK on final analysis. "I tapped her too cold. I thought shore she'd go off. I guess I was jes' lucky."

Old Man Ike would never argue with the metallurgist when he condemned a heat for bad practice, even though it was on chemical specifications. And when, much later, I was the metallurgist and caught the Junior Melter slipping through a phony test to the lab, and reported it, and all hell was raised with the Junior Melter and the Superintendent, and they tried to run me off the open hearth, Old Man Ike never changed. When nobody else spoke to me, he did, and kindly. When nobody else would give me the information I needed to go on doing my job, he did. I think Old Man Ike felt the same way I did about the rails. He didn't want them breaking under trains either, even if his bonus was less. When he read in the paper about the Panama Limited taking the ditch north of New Orleans, he wondered if the broken rail had been rolled from a heat he'd tapped.

Old Man John was always boasting about how strong he used to be—and he still could hold a 14-pound sledge at arm's

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length by the handle end so long it made you tired just to watch him. Back when he started in, you charged the furnaces by hand. Old Man John said he used to wheel 1,000 pounds of scrap in his barrow up the incline to the scales.

Old Man Ike would tell you of all the mess they made when they first tried to make steel in Alabama. He was just a country boy then, in off the farm. Because he was big and strong, they made him first helper on the first steel-making furnace in the state. Everything went wrong. Heats froze up in the furnace or in the ladle. The financiers up in New York were about ready to call it quits, admit you couldn't make steel out of our iron. Back then Alabama used to account for seven-eighths of all the pig iron exported from the United States. A lot of it went to England, where they mixed it up with other iron and made steel out of it. The books all said Alabama iron was too high in phosphorus and silicon to make steel from, unless you mixed it with better iron. But a few crazy men and some strong country boys off the farm like Ike Blaylock stuck with the idea that you could.

Old Man Ike never put on any demonstrations of how strong he was, and he never had to, while I was around. The men on his turn would always do what he said without any argument. And, for some reason, nearly all the good guys were on his turn, which was why it was like the light of the moon to me and Old Man John's the dark. The Kluxers were running the town then, and even the newspapers didn't dare say anything against them, but Old Man Ike said plenty. No Catholic could work on Old Man John's turn. He had come to this country an Orangeman, from the North of Ireland, and he never forgot it. Old Man Ike was a Methodist or Baptist, of course, but he didn't travel with the others who were whooping it up against the Catholics, the Jews, and the

Negroes right then. And when Jack Cassidy, a first-helper on Ike's turn, cool-cocked his third-helper for saying the parish priest was a well-known pervert, Old Man Ike backed Jack up. The rule was, a man got fired for fighting on the job. Old Man Ike said if Jack hadn't sloughed the guy, he would have. He let an Italian get to be first-helper on his turn, too, though the general idea was that Italians weren't really white men and should be only floor-sweepers, pull-up boys, and such. Old Man Ike never hollered "Hey, nigger," at a water-tender or dinky-switchman. He knew their names and called them by them, polite and quiet as to anybody else.

In fact, I never heard Old Man Ike raise his voice to anybody. They said he had once, though. To a Superintendent. The Superintendent had told Old Man Ike that the men on his turn had to work through Sunday after working all Saturday night. The company wanted another record 24-hour run. But Ike had said the men needed to go home: they were tired after seven thirteen-hour nights in a row and they needed a rest and Sunday dinner with their families.

The Superintendent told Ike what the men could do to themselves; they had to work through Sunday.

"Don't you say that to me," Old Man Ike said and cussed the Superintendent for what he was. "Don't you never again say anything against the men for me to hear."

There weren't any unions, like now, in those days. They had what they called a "Mutuality Committee" on the open hearth, hand-picked by the company. All the members could do was make suggestions, and they had better be careful what they suggested. If any "agitator" ever turned up, the company secret service took care of him in a hurry and he left town considerably bunged up. When a

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few guys stayed out in the 1919 steel strike, the vigilantes picketed the plant with pistols, and none of those guys was ever let back in again. But nothing happened to Old Man Ike when he stood up for the men.

II

Back when alarms came every night on the Booker T. Washington, or several times a night, and you went to sleep with all your clothes on, including your shoes, Leroy King did not. He would strip down to the buff and put on striped pajamas. Walking in on him in his cabin, you would see him there propped up in the bunk on both pillows, under the glow of the bedlight, with his face shining clean from the shower and those striped pajamas. He would be reading the Bible, one of the Gideon Bibles they put aboard ship and nobody ever reads, but Leroy King did.

Not that he believed all of it. He was not what you would call devout. Reading the Bible was an old habit with him, going back to when he was a boy on a New England farm in the Connecticut Valley. He read it for literature, and for old time's sake. It also helped him go to sleep when he came off watch.

Leroy King was descended from people who founded Northampton, Massachusetts. So was his wife, back home. They both had ancestors who fought in the Revolution. They have one of the oldest houses in town, which has been in the King family since 1744, though it is older than that. His wife could join the DAR, only she doesn't believe in it. The DAR, the Kings think, has got away from the idea of the American Revolution. It stands for just about the opposite, according to them, of what the Revolution did.

Leroy King was left an orphan boy when he was real small. He was brought

up on his grandfather's farm in the valley, the youngest of three brothers. The older two worked hard on the farm and went off to theological school, both becoming Episcopalian ministers. But Leroy was a poor student. Of course he didn't have much time to study, working his way through high school as the janitor and doing his farm chores too, and having to walk several miles each way. He failed mathematics and felt there wasn't any use in his staying in school after that.

So one day he tied up a small bundle, and nobody noticed when he started for school with it. Only he went to the railroad yards instead of the school and hopped a freight for Boston. There, he shipped out on a tramp steamer as a coal-passenger. The tramp went to Frisco, where Leroy jumped, thinking it would be easy to make a living out there. He found out he was wrong. The marine firemen had a union on the coast. But it cost a \$50 initiation fee to join, which left him out. His only chance was on foreign ships, which weren't organized. He got a job on one and shuttled between Oregon and Southern California for a few trips. Then he became one of the bindle-stiffs who used to harvest the crops out there, with a small bundle on a stick over their shoulders. He drifted from ranch to ranch. One summer he worked on one in the Sacramento Valley, owned by the Governor. He slept in a shed. They would put out the food for the help on the back porch and you would have to scramble for your share. Hindus, Japanese, and Chinese were his fellow-workers. They would take anything and be satisfied.

Leroy got close to the Wobblies, the IWW, which he had heard about on shipboard. They wanted a revolution, like in the beginning of America. From what little he had seen, Leroy thought they were right. A revolution was what we needed: start everything off from scratch

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again, he thought. All the time he was riding the freights, up into Oregon, out to Idaho. You would go to a labor agent in LA, Frisco, Sacramento, or Portland. You would pay him a dollar and he would give you a letter and a coach ticket to some place where there was work. You would have to have a bedding roll as well as a dollar. The second-hand dealers would sell you one for 50 cents—half a comforter, a pair of used overalls and some worn-out work shoes. The labor agent would look at your hands, to see if they were calloused. If you had a dollar, a bedding roll, and calloused hands, the labor agent would give you a coach ticket to Winnemucca, Nevada. The trick was to ride to some place close to the job, then drop off the train and look for something else. For you couldn't count on the job the labor agent sent you to. The labor agent and the construction foreman were usually in cahoots, so you would be fired in a day or two, and the agent would collect another dollar from the guy who took your place. There were always guys.

Wages back then were \$2.25 a day. They took out \$1.25 a day, seven days a week, for your bunk and keep. The rest went for tobacco and overalls and work-shoes at the store, together with stuff you never bought but had to pay for all the same. In four years, Leroy never managed to save up the \$50 he needed to join the marine firemen's union. Finally he bummed his way back across the continent to Massachusetts. Even the gold watch his grandfather had given him was gone. He had tried to pawn it once in LA for \$10. It was a nice watch. But the pawnbroker had looked at him contemptuously and said, "What makes you so independent? You're broke, ain't you? I'll give you \$5." He had taken the five.

When he got home, he went to work as a fireman on the Boston and Albany.

He lived on his grandfather's farm and shoveled into fireboxes for nothing until he had four written endorsements from locomotive engineers that he was a good fireman. Then the railroad put him on the payroll. The firemen had a union and he made \$25 a week. But it wasn't long until the big mallet compounds came in. They would pull 75 cars where the old 4-8-0's would only pull 30. He got "rolled," along with a lot of other firemen.

His next job was as a stationary engine fireman in the Holyoke insane asylum. The pay was \$14 a week, because the stationary firemen weren't organized like the railroad men. Leroy got busy organizing the guys around the paper and textile mills. Then he put in for an AFL charter. Twelve hours a day they were working, seven days a week, for \$14. He got them organized, though a textile mill owner had him arrested and brought to his office. Leroy persuaded him that he would be better off if the men were organized. When the first war came, he had been promoted to engineer in the asylum.

He left his good job and sailed for France in April, 1917, the first month of the war. In between trips, he went through a new government training course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and won his license as 2nd Assistant Engineer. Then he made five trips to France for the Army Transport Service, carrying ammunition, aviation gas, trucks, and rations. Once they got into the mine fields off the French coast with 3,000,000 gallons of high test aboard. The Captain signaled the French Navy, "Come and get me out of here," but they wouldn't. The Captain had to get out the best way he knew how.

After the war, Leroy kept on shipping—as 1st Assistant Engineer, for he had studied and upgraded his license. But the shipowners began cutting down on seamen's conditions, abrogating the wartime

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agreements, and drawing up new wage-scales on their own terms. Though he was an officer, Leroy King stood with the rest of the seamen and went out on strike with them in 1921. The shipowners laid up 3,000 ships and went right on with scab crews. It was just what they wanted.

Leroy King went home to Massachusetts and found a job as engineer for an optical company. They paid him 70 cents an hour, 12 hours a night, seven days a week. He tried to organize the men there, but had no luck. On this job, he took care of six boilers, three turbines, and all the auxiliary apparatus with just one fireman to help him. He had to do all the oiling himself, as well as be the engineer.

He quit and went on to a Holyoke textile mill, where at once he started organizing the guys. The Old Man learned about what this engineer was doing and had him on the carpet.

"You're a disturbing element," the Old Man said.

"If I ever saw a plant that needed a disturbing element," Leroy said, "this is it." He pointed out all the waste and inefficiency in the plant. He said the men were working such long hours and earning so little they didn't give a damn. He said he knew how to change all that, if the Old Man would recognize the union, meet their demands for an eight-hour day and decent wages.

He wound up as Chief Engineer of that mill. As chief, he wouldn't OK orders for material from non-union companies and had many a run-in with the Old Man about it. The Old Man had come to approve of the union in his mill, for it had got the results Leroy King promised, but he said most of the other AFL unions were just rackets. Leroy gradually came to agree with him and tried to throw the Holyoke paper mills into the CIO, though he had become a Vice President of the State AFL and had held every office in his own local

—President, Financial Secretary, and Business Agent.

When this war started, Leroy King was over 50 and had a good job as Chief Engineer of a big paper mill. But he read in the Boston paper that merchant marine officers were desperately needed to man the wartime fleet, so he packed his bag and reported. By some fluke, he was assigned as 1st Assistant Engineer on the SS Booker T. Washington. He had experience enough, and far more than enough knowledge, to be a Chief. But he liked it fine, working under a Negro Chief on the Booker T., and living with men of all races and backgrounds who were united on doing a common job. He stayed with us for 18 months. "The First" we called him simply, and the respect in that was something few Chiefs ever hear in all their experience. He finally got off to be a Chief on another ship, as he could have done in the beginning.

John King was the first of the American family from which Leroy King is descended. He helped found Northampton in 1654, after coming out with a ship-load from England. John King was a farmer and Captain of the Northampton Company which defended the new town against the Indians. Back in England, he had had military experience, fighting for Cromwell's Commonwealth. Another one of his descendants, besides Leroy, was Rufus, who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

III

Our cadet, little Joe Williams, was the only man aboard the SS Booker T. Washington who could stand up to Bruce and sometimes get a good lick in. Bruce outweighed him 30 or 40 pounds, and Bruce had had years of ring experience, but Joe was out after him every evening in the nice weather, when the boys sparred on

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No. 4 hatch. Everything Bruce knew about fighting, Joe was learning. But that wasn't all.

Cadets eat with the officers in the saloon, bunk in officers' quarters, wear gold on their uniforms when they go ashore, and sometimes give themselves airs. But not Joe. On deck he was just one of the Bos'n's gang in paint-smeared dungarees. When there were booms to be secured, Joe was up there on the masthead. He stood look-outs on the bow, relieved the wheel, chipped paint, washed down the deck like any ordinary seaman. Off watch, he was hard at his books, studying navigation, mathematics, engineering, ship's business—all the things he would need to know when he went back to the Merchant Marine Academy to finish his training. His last trip with us, he moved up to Acting 3rd Mate when the old gas-hound we got for 3rd Mate on a pier-head jump had to be left in jail in a foreign port. Joe made us as good a 3rd Mate as we ever had.

Joe comes from Annapolis. The first thing he can remember is watching the dress parades at the Naval Academy. That was where he would be himself some day, he decided, marching in his blues on that fine parade ground. He was too little to know yet that the blackness of his skin made that a hopeless ambition, and that Annapolis cadets weren't chosen from families like his own. His father and mother had separated when he was 5. The mother supported Joe and his three sisters on her earnings of \$40 a month as cook in a white home. When he was 10, Joe started picking up little jobs. He got a shoe-shine box and stood on corners. He would hustle the midshipmen's bags when they went on furlough. He caddied at the Academy golf course for lordly white officers who didn't dream that the tattered little Negro who lugged their heavy clubs and ferreted out their slices

from the rough aspired to become one of them some day. They paid him 28 cents for 9 holes and 55 cents for 18. By the time he was 13, Joe was setting up pins in the bowling alley at the Officers' Club, and was beginning to catch on to Jim Crow.

He was a Freshman in the colored high school and one of his classes was civics. He studied the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and for the first time understood what his rights, as an American, were supposed to be. Then he looked at Jim Crow Annapolis. He thought about the segregated ghetto where he lived and where the only playmates he ever had were Negroes like himself, except for a couple of Jewish boys who used to sneak over into the Negro quarter to play football with them. Joe looked at the Naval Academy with new eyes. It was meant for him, he knew that. The United States government established it for everybody who could meet its strict standards of scholarship, physique, and character. But he had about as much chance of getting into it as into the British House of Lords. Joe developed a burning interest in American history. He wanted to know why the country was turning out so different from what men like Jefferson and Lincoln had planned for it to be, what was in white people's minds that poisoned them against his people. The history books didn't give him the answer, though some historical novels gave him clues. Then he rebelled. It didn't make any difference what the Constitution and the other fine documents said. The cards were stacked against the Negro.

Joe quit studying as a Sophomore and played hookey for 45 straight days. You learned more about real life, and how you had to get along, hanging around the poolroom with the gang. They undertook to teach him how to throw crooked dice, how to deal off the bottom, how to stack

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or mark a deck himself. But he did keep up the sports he had always loved. There were no athletic fields for Negroes in Annapolis. They played football in the back lots, roller-skate hockey with tins cans in the streets. Joe liked swimming, but all the bathing beaches were closed to Negroes. He and his crowd would dive off the railroad trestle and swim there. When he was a Junior, the gang let him in on the real serious business, "clipping." This was breaking into stores, which they thought a better way than caddying or shining shoes or hustling midshipmen's bags to get their lunch money, clothes, and change to spend on girls. On his first clipping job, Joe was posted as a look-out, but he got scared and ducked out. There was nothing in this, either, he decided, and broke with the gang.

His senior year, Joe went back to his books and finished near the top of his class. Though he was the class Vice-President, the star end on the football team, and the leading man in school plays, he still had to hike all over town after school with his shoe-shine box to rustle up the 15 cents for his lunch next day and something extra to add to his capital. He was trying to save up \$5, which was required as a deposit with his application to Hampton Institute in Virginia. By May, he had the \$5 and sent it to Hampton.

When he was graduated from high school in June, Joe had exactly one dollar, the gift of a cousin. But he was determined to get to Hampton in the fall. Every day for a month, he hunted a job and finally landed one as a waiter in a cafe, only to lose it immediately when a swinging door knocked a tray of dishes out of his hands. He was demoted to busboy, but finished the summer with \$65 saved. His mother borrowed \$75 on her burial policy, the family's only resource, and Joe set out for Hampton. He had enough for his uniform, shoes, books, and

tuition. He figured he could get along somehow, and did.

At Hampton, Joe washed dishes, swept the gymnasium, cleaned up the athletic field, anything he could get to do that would keep him there. He made the football team as a Sophomore and was a regular for three years. In the summers he worked, one summer aboard ship, on the Philadelphia-Boston run, as a messboy. He helped to organize the NMU aboard, sneaking union literature on to the ship in laundry sacks. The skipper tried to break it up, but the union won the election in September. The next summer Joe worked at the Rogers Rock Club on Lake George, as a bell-hop, and for the first time in his life met "white people who treated you like a human being."

Joe's ambition to get into the Naval Academy reawakened at Hampton. He knew what it would mean, even if he managed to force his way in—unadulterated hell his plebe year and, after that, three years of boycott. When he received his bachelor's degree from Hampton, Congressman Mitchell of Illinois, a Negro, appointed him to the Academy. Though Joe was far better prepared than most appointees, he was rejected on the specious grounds that his required mathematics had been taken three years or more previously and hence could not be counted. He was not given the opportunity of standing a competitive examination. Joe put his degree and his hopes of becoming a Navy officer away in the old trunk and went to work with a wheelbarrow, on a housing project. Then a teaching job turned up, in a colored high school in rural Maryland. While there, he heard about the United States Merchant Marine Academy and made application. He was accepted.

The Navy officer in charge of the enrolling office in New York tried to discourage him, frankly telling him that he

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would be the only Negro in the Academy, and that the other cadets would make life miserable for him. But Joe looked at him steadily and said he could take whatever was in store for him. On the train up to the Academy, he got close to five white fellows who were also entering. They accepted him as one of themselves. Two of them came from Massachusetts, but the other three were from Texas, Virginia, and Missouri. They agreed to stick together and, when they arrived, were all put into a new section of 25.

The staring, whispering, and threatening started immediately. One of the Massachusetts boys, who had been made section leader, was called out by the upperclassmen the first night and taken to their dorm. They told him it was up to the section to run the "nigger" out. The next night all five of Joe's white friends were given a going-over. They wouldn't scare, so the upperclassmen came after Joe himself. Pack up, they told him, before he got the works. Joe said he wouldn't pack up, and what were they going to do about it? They said he'd soon see.

Again the section leader was called out. Every man in the section would be treated as a "nigger" unless Joe was chased out. OK, the section leader said, and when he told the other guys the story, they backed him—24 white boys from all over the Union, many from the South. OK, they said, we'll be "niggers."

Backhandedly, the Navy officers in charge of the Academy endorsed the boycott against Joe. Every cadet, upon admission, was automatically sworn into the Naval Reserve. But the Navy pointedly left Joe out, and he alone in the whole Academy was not entitled to wear the proud gold wings of the USNR on his breast.

First, the members of the section were subjected to a freeze campaign. None of the other cadets would speak to them or

associate with them. But their front didn't break. The upperclassmen got tougher. The section's quarters in the dorm were raided by parties of "inspectors," who found cause to shower down demerits. Cadet officers gave section members demerits for the slightest mistakes at drill. Then a Jewish boy came to Joe and told him the whole business didn't represent how the fellows really felt, but was the work of a ringleader, a high-ranking cadet officer from the Panama Canal Zone. Joe went straight to him and talked things over. The cadet officer said he wasn't going to permit any Negro to stay in the Academy, and that was that. Joe said he wasn't going to let any white man run him out. They shook hands on their mutual resolve to "get" each other, the cadet officer saying Joe's was the first black hand he had ever shaken.

It ended up with Joe "getting" the cadet officer. The boycott fell of its own weight and the fellows came over to Joe, ashamed of what they had done. All the while, the Navy officers in charge had not lifted a finger to discipline the cadets organizing the trouble. They may have figured that Joe couldn't stand the pressure and would withdraw, saving them the headache of placing him as an officer on a ship. But Joe knew he wasn't sticking there just for his own sake. If he had quit, his case would have become the authorities' airtight excuse for excluding all Negroes in the future. When Joe left to join the SS Booker T. Washington, he was one of the most popular and respected cadets in the academy.

In his first foreign port, Joe bumped into the Massachusetts section leader who stood up for him when he entered the Academy. Together with a paratrooper lieutenant we had brought over, they made all the bars like any three boys ashore for the first time on foreign soil. Joe also found on the docks there four

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Negro friends who went to Hampton with him. They were all enlisted men in an Army port battalion, unloading cargo as ordinary stevedores, though two of them were math majors and had applied for the artillery.

After ten months on the Booker T. Washington, Joe went back to the Academy and finished his course, getting his Mate's license with honors. But he didn't return to the Merchant Marine. At last throwing over its tradition against commissioning Negroes, the Navy was accepting them as officers. And Joe is one of the first Negro Ensigns. He's out in the South Pacific, in the Seabees.

I have an idea Joe Williams' success story is just beginning. If he gets that girl he introduced me to, who works at the uso in Annapolis, so poised and so unconscious of her great beauty, they will go places together.

IV

These three men come to mind when I try to put into words what America

means to me: Old Man Ike, the Southerner; Yankee Leroy King; Joe Williams, who has come so far up from slavery. It is people like these who make this a country worth belonging to. They are the dream made flesh and blood. America has a way of producing a lot of people like these three men, out of any kind of stock, anywhere in the land, any time. That is why, in the long run, America will go on meaning what it always has, no matter who tries to change it.

A direct descendant of the New England Beechers famous in American history, John Beecher has written the story of his two years as a member of the mixed crew of the Booker T. Washington. The book will be published by L. B. Fischer this summer under the title All Brave Sailors. Mr. Beecher is now with UNRRA abroad. An earlier article by him appeared in the Summer 1943 issue of CG—"This Is the Picture."

GOD LOVES THE IRISH

BLESSED BE THE HOLY SAINTS

HELEN PAPASHVILY

WHEN OUR Aunt Maggie came over from Ireland in 1846 she brought a flowered carpet bag and a brown tay pot with a broken nose and a corded box and her grandmother's prayerbook and a bundle tied in a fringed Kerry shawl and a round-topped trunk with a holy card pasted inside the lid. But none of this was as important as the baggage she carried in her

head—the notions and sayings, the proverbs and the ideas, the beliefs and superstitions. Indeed these wore so well and lasted so long that the third and fourth generation inherited them as bright and new as the day they came out of County Clare.

Nor were the contents of her neat little head all, for Aunt Maggie brought along

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a boat-load of Irish friends who never paid a penny for their passage. There were Holy Saints suitable for any occasion, a harassed guardian angel or two, a host of Little People for specialized jobs around the house and in the fields, the Fairies—but better don't talk about them—and on guard over all these and over Aunt Maggie and her house and her children was an all-encompassing, ever-watchful God whose special duty it was to love the Irish.

"God loves the Irish." Aunt Maggie said it a dozen times a day—in surprised thankfulness, with bursting pride, as a nudging reminder to Heaven, and often—or so Uncle Andrew thought—with unjustified assurance.

"God loves the Irish? Does he now?" Uncle Andrew would say dourly. "Then it must be because nobody else could."

Not that Aunt Maggie was one of those that always went running after God to bother Him about small things. No. For a lost purse St. Anthony was plenty good enough; or St. Christopher, if you had to go to San Francisco on the steam cars; or St. Joseph, say, for a repair around the house; and for general use, well, a body couldn't want a lovelier saint than St. Bridget.

"There's a saint," Aunt Maggie used to say, "as good as she is beautiful, and it's not that I'm prejudiced neither just because she happens to be a relative."

"A relative?" the skeptical might inquire—but never more than once.

"A relative, as I said, for if you'll look here on page 102 of the Teachings of the Catholic Church"—the book fell open to a familiar place—"you'll see in black and white she was an O'Connor as I am myself, for me mother's mother, God bless her, I never saw her face, she died before I was born, why she was an O'Connor, too, and it's cousins we are to St. Bridget. Removed."

So, when Father McClanahan thought

St. Bridget needed a bit of regilding, Aunt Maggie's name led off the list with a ten dollar donation. "Bless her," she said, "she'll be glad to have a new robe painted on after wearing that old chipped one these ten years and more."

It was St. Bridget that got Aunt Maggie's candles all through the years; and the



bouquets of roses and spice pinks and the rusty chrysanthemums that bloomed in the still darkness before St. Bridget's statue, they were Aunt Maggie's, too, and so were the pots of rose geraniums at Christmas time, whose fragrance challenged the incense rising from the censers.

Then one day Mrs. Ahearn took a trip to San Francisco and came back as full with news as a hen is with feathers and without even waiting to pull up the blinds or put on her house corsets she went clucking over to Aunt Maggie to tell it all.

"Well," Aunt Maggie said, "I see you enjoyed your trip. Sit down and we'll have a nice little cup a tay. Did you go to the Judge's funeral?"

"I did that," Mrs. Ahearn said. "I did that. And a beautiful corpse he made, too."

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"As well he might," Aunt Maggie offered, "because I seen by the paper he only come back from his vacation the day before he dropped dead."

"And I stopped a week with the Nolans."

"And what, if I may be so bold," Aunt Maggie said, "is the Gospel according to the Nolans of Nob Hill?"

"Well, Nora Nolan's got a girl straight off the boat and as green as any grass—"

"And how green that can be," Aunt Maggie told her. "I remember you, when first you come from Galway, red petticoat and black shawl—"

"And Nora Nolan pays the girl four dollars a week," Mrs. Ahearn said hurriedly.

"What's the extra dollar for?" Aunt Maggie asked.

"For washing the crystal chandelayers. She's got them in her front parlor and in her back parlor and—"

"I wouldn't give them house room," Aunt Maggie said firmly, "and live in fear we'd all be cut to bits if they ever fell down."

"—and she's ordered a green Bustle carpet with bouquets of pink roses runnin' all over the floor clear to the baseboards. Mike Nolan got the pavin' contract and you can't count the money he's makin'."

"It'll be easy come and easy go with them," Aunt Maggie said darkly. "Five years and they won't have one bit left to rub against another in their pockets. I know them kind. It'll go in dribs and drabs until there's not a penny left to bless themselves with. Will you take milk to your tay, Mrs. Ahearn?"

"And a spoon a sugar. Well, the girls was all makin' Novenas to St. Editha—"

"St. Editha?" Aunt Maggie said. "I never heard of her."

"That may be," Mrs. Ahearn took a sip from her cup, "but she's all the go in San Francisco just the same. And you can get

whatever you want if you just ask her to intercede for you."

"Then the Nolan girls better ask for husbands," Aunt Maggie said.

"They did," Mrs. Ahearn burst out. "That's what I been waitin' to tell you. And the two oldest are engaged. Kate and Evvie."

"Is Evvie the one with the nose?" Aunt Maggie asked.

"She is," Mrs. Ahearn said. "The same. And her intended has a brick yard, besides owning two houses out in the Mission."

Aunt Maggie set down her cup. "That's more than an answer to prayer. That's a miracle. What's her name again? The saint's?"

"St. Editha. And it come about in such a funny way how they found her. Did you know Mrs. Nolan's cousin Tim's wife?"

Aunt Maggie took a thoughtful bite of cake. "Wasn't she a Hefferman?"

"Her mother was. Well, anyway, this girl, Nora Nolan's cousin Tim's wife's sister, why she was readin' through the Catholic Library—she bought it so she might as well read it—"

"Yes. \$8.65," Aunt Maggie said absently. "Go on."

"And she was took with the description of this St. Editha somehow. It was on September 16, and that was St. Editha's own day and she wasn't a foreign saint that you couldn't pronounce. Well, anyway, it seemed Frank McClatchey—that's the fellow she was keepin' company with—why he was on the drink again and to make a long story short she just knelt down right then and there and she prayed for St. Editha to intercede and that was nine weeks ago today and he's never touched a drop since."

"God bless him," Aunt Maggie said. "God bless him for a good boy. I hope they raise a fine family. Big enough to

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count on both hands. And no fingers left over."

"Well, when Mrs. Nolan seen the results, she took up with St. Editha, and I can't tell you what she done for her. And Mrs. McCaffrey, she got crutches for her



youngest boy and an extension on her mortgage—"

"And the Nolan girls got husbands!" Aunt Maggie said. "Will wonders never cease!"

"Now they're talkin' about puttin' a statue of her in the side niche and I give a dollar—"

"Did you try her yourself?"

"I did," Mrs. Ahearn said. She bared her gums in a polite snarl. "And at last I got a set of teeth that fit."

"Did you change dentists?" Aunt Maggie said suspiciously.

"No, and that's what makes it so remarkable. I'm still sittin' to Dr. McBride."

"Well, you certainly don't click like you did and that's a fact. I've got a good notion to try her for Willy. He's looking for work."

Willy came home the next day at noon hired. So, in rapid succession, Aunt Maggie asked St. Editha to cure Flossie's

cough, see that the Marley baby wasn't too sad all alone up there in heaven; keep Mr. O'Brien's dog, Cartwheel, from digging up all the flag lilies; let Mr. Fibley have a happy death; and help her, Aunt Maggie, piece out a white dress for little Minnie Cahill so the child would look as nice as the others at the graduation exercises.

And St. Editha did.

"Really," Aunt Maggie said to Mrs. Ahearn as they were walking home from confession one Saturday night, "in a way and all I feel sorry turning away from St. Bridget, but St. Editha beats anything I ever saw. Do you think it would be a sin to pray for her to help me to get a new stove? Me chimley smokes so bad it tastes the tay."

"I do not," Mrs. Ahearn said. "If she ever done any cookin' at all she knows what a stove means in a person's life. But while you're at it, why don't you pray for a whole new kitchen?"

At eleven that night the kitchen stove, probably burning at the slur, snapped a coal out onto the braided rug in front of the sink. The rug smoldered until midnight and then Uncle Andrew's chair caught fire and the flames danced up the curtains. Dandy, waiting for burglars on the mat before the front door, began to bark, and Cousin Willy woke up and Aunt Maggie got Flossie and Frank and Matt out, and Uncle Andrew wrapped Toddie in a blanket and passed him through the window, and the volunteer fire company finally found their uniforms and leather buckets and came in time to save the rest of the house.

Six weeks later Aunt Maggie had a new kitchen with a nickel trimmed stove and a white porcelain sink instead of the old iron one and a set of enamel cook pots and a linoleum so shiny it reflected all these glories like a mirror.

But the wedding china with the cherry

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red bowknots was gone, and the recipe book, and the wobbly high chair that was Mollie's until she left it for a little golden one, and the hand-painted picture of Willy with his goat, and even the ticking mantel clock, the kitchen's heart, that was gone, too.

"Well, you can't have everything," Aunt Maggie said, "I guess."

The next time she called on St. Editha she made the mistake of letting Uncle Andrew know but it could hardly be helped because, after all, it was about his clerk, Mr. Pardee.

For, after twenty-three years of faithful service, Mr. Pardee took to drink and came in late or not at all and insulted the customers and was seen walking on the levee with a girl who wore red stockings.

"I'd ask him to leave," Aunt Maggie said, "and I'd give him a piece of me mind to take along with him."

"I don't doubt you would," Uncle Andrew said, "but I cannot do it. After twenty-three years the mon's entitled to a chance and I believe this wildness that's on him will pass."

"If you won't fire him," Aunt Maggie said, "there's naught left but prayer."

Three weeks later Uncle Andrew came stamping home in the middle of the morning. "Woman," he said, "answer me a simple question, yes or no. Did you or did you not take up the subject of my clerk, Harry Pardee, with your Miss St. Editha?"

"I did," Aunt Maggie said. "I prayed he'd go away."

"Then let me ask you—did you add he was to take five thousand dollars of my money in cash along with him when he went? For that's what he's done, and well I know I'll never see a penny of it back—fer I love the damn scoundrel too much to send the police after him."

"Everybody can make mistakes," Aunt

Maggie said soothingly. "Sit down and take off your boots and I'll make you a nice little cup of tay."

But Uncle Andrew didn't get over it that day or the next, and when July came he was still trying so hard to save the money back that he wouldn't hear to the usual vacation at Santa Cruz.

"I cannot manage it, Lass," he said, "and you'll have to be content to stop at home."

"But the children," Aunt Maggie said when August turned hot and the street baked and the hose gurgled all day in the garden.

"They'll have to bide at home," Uncle Andrew said, "at least until I can put back the money Harry took, for if anything happened to me you'd be better off with \$5,000 than with vacations. Now wouldn't you?"

Aunt Maggie had to agree she would. "Only," she said to Mrs. Ahearn as they sat on the side porch flapping their palm leaf fans to frighten away the heat, "it just seems to me I'd give anything for a dip or a nice boat ride. Were you ever sea bathing at Santa Cruz?"

"I've gone wading," Mrs. Ahearn said, "behind the rocks at Capitola."

"Well, I like the surf," Aunt Maggie told her. "I like to get in over me limbs, clear up to me neck. But, anyway, it's no use to talk."

"And where is himself this hot night?" Mrs. Ahearn asked.

"Working," Aunt Maggie told her. "Down at the office until all hours. About ten I'll walk down and meet him half ways."

So at ten they started out and Mrs. Ahearn turned off at her corner and Aunt Maggie kept on down Fremont Street and then, as she told it a thousand times after, told it until the story was worn as bright as a cherished coin and the words had their own patina, "And then as I walked

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along I felt me rosary beads in me pocket and I said to meself, I said, sure I'll say a rosary for St. Editha to intercede for us to have a little vacation. Just to take the children out of this heat and have a dip or two and a trip out to the lighthouse in the rowboat and Toddie and Matt to dig in the sand and find some shells and we all come home like new. Sure, that's not too much to ask. Our Father Who art in heaven, I was keeping on down Fremont Street, *Hallowed be Thy name*, saying me beads with me thoughts on heaven. Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, I must a missed the footbridge at Weber Avenue, On earth as it is, for sure I walked right down the side of the levee. Give us this day our daily bread, and into the slough I went. My God, I said, I'm in water up to me waist and I can't touch bottom. Well, fortunately me petticoats was so starched I kept afloat, but I was drifting with the current. And when I floated past Kieffers, I screamed for help and Bobby Kieffer, one of the Kieffers anyway, pushed a log out and I caught hold and Mr. Kieffer heard me and he come out on a raft and got me ashore and Mr. Deming was passing in his surrey and they brought me home wrapped up in blankets.

"Well, I chilled and I had the fevers because the sloughs were unhealthy those days and the night air was full of malaria and for more than a week I was in bed and Aunt Rose had to come up from San Francisco to take care of the children."

It was during this week that Mrs. Ahearn ran in with a bowl of wine jelly and some arrowroot and a jar of beef tea. "They'll keep up your strength," she said. "Shall I say a prayer to St. Editha for you? It's the First Friday tomorrow and I'm goin' to run over to church in the mornin'. I don't like the sound of your cough."

"Indeed and you needn't mind," Aunt Maggie said sitting up in bed with a shawl around her shoulders. "Not," she added, "that I have a thing against St. Editha. She's a dear girl and all that. But at me time of life with all me trials and troubles I can't afford a saint that has to learn her trade on me. If you should be stepping over to church, pick a bouquet of roses and some plumbago and put some smilax in and take it along for St. Bridget. It looked kind of empty on her side last week."

"St. Bridget?" Mrs. Ahearn said.

"St. Bridget." Aunt Maggie told her. "Now there's a saint that knows when to answer prayers"—she took another cough lozenge—"and when not to."

This is the first of a series of sketches by Helen Papashvily under the general title "God Loves the Irish." For late comers to CG, Helen Papashvily is of course the Helen of the George and Helen Papashvily of Anything Can Happen.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.



HOW DO CHILDREN LEARN SUCH THINGS?

ISABEL CURRIER

FRİENDS of mine, a family of adults with a name not unlike Sullivan, recently took a house in a new neighborhood of Newton, one of the well-to-do suburbs of Boston. The first time one of the family went out to do the spade-work on a garden, she was greeted by a taunting chant from two children next door, whose noses were pressed to the picket fence: "Dirty Irish! Shanty Irish! Dirty, shanty Irish!"

Her first impulse was to run into her house and lock the door against unreasoning terror. Instead, she went on spading. The children's chant died down, to be replaced by a half-whispered conversation about what she might be doing.

"Why don't you come over and show me how to plant my flowers?" she asked. The invitation sounded as tremulous to her ears as if she were saying "Who's there?" to a burglar.

The children consulted together, journeyed around the fence, became absorbed in the gardening. Presently their mother wandered to the fence and began a distant conversation that had all the earmarks of a questionnaire. My friend pleasantly admitted the nature of her family status, her name, her business, her love of gardening, the name of the Protestant church to which she belonged.

"But," exclaimed the neighbor, "I understood you were Irish. I mean to say that from your name . . ."

"Shanty Irish!" interrupted one of the tots.

The mother was profuse with apologies. How could the child have learned such a thing! Heaven knew she watched over the

little ones carefully, but she couldn't be at their side all the time when they overheard other children in the street saying uncouth things. My friend refrained from looking up and down the quiet, childless street. She solemnly agreed that little folks have quick ears.

Not so long ago, a mob of boys in the uniform of a famous private school broke up a Socialist meeting on Boston Common by yelling at the speaker, "Is your name Ginsberg?" Goaded to near-hysteria, the man produced a birth certificate to show he was English and Indian. "A Jew in disguise!" his tormentors chorused, starting a barrage of missiles and cat-calls and edging near to try to set fire to his clothes. Three policemen stood among the watchers, absorbed with the spectacle of boys being boys. "It was just a schoolboys' prank," a witness of the affair told me. "What gets me is where on earth youngsters learn such things."

In Dorchester, another Boston suburb, that is, for the most part, crowded with the respectable lower middle-class of Irish and Jewish origins, friends of mine have conducted a small store for over 30 years. Children of the neighborhood, some of whom have grown to be parents now, have always flocked to the store after school to do errands for their mothers and buy ice cream cones and soft drinks.

Out of a clear sky one day toward the end of the depression years, a group of children crowded in and waited, charged with a strange excitement, while two of their number filled extensive shopping lists. The items were assembled and

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wrapped up. One child picked up the bundle the storekeeper presented.

"I forgot to ask"—the child had been going to that store since infancy—"are you a Jew?"

"Of course!"

"My mother told me not to buy anything in a Jew store!"

"So did mine!" echoed the others.

They unwrapped their bundles and scattered the contents on the floor. With their cronies flanking them, they retreated, chorusing: "Dirty Jew! Dor-shyster Jew!"

Next day, some of the same children were in the store as usual, quietly buying ice cream cones. After an interval of a few days, the scene was repeated by a different cast of characters. Variations were offered as time went on: a number of children would engage the storekeepers, pricing everything in sight, while others helped themselves to candy bars and small objects. My friends steadfastly refused to complain, although they faced each day's business in terror. Without a complaint, no action could be taken in their behalf.

"What can we do?" they said to me. "The parents are our customers and old friends and neighbors. They don't know what their children do, and they'd only have bad feeling toward us if we complained. We don't know how the children learn such things in the streets. Most days the same children are so quiet when they come in we think the other days are just bad dreams."

Meanwhile other Jews in the same area of Dorchester did complain that their sons were afraid to go to school. Gangs of boys, widely varied in numbers and identities, pounced intermittently upon a solitary Jewish schoolboy. "Are you a Jew?" they'd ask. When the answer was "Yes," the entire gang pitched in to beat him.

Eventually the beatings were publicized as Boston's acute anti-Semitic problem.

"Just kid stuff," editorialized the papers.

One gang of boys was identified when its members assaulted two Jewish lads in a street car station. Investigators called at each assailant's home to learn that the parents had no idea how their sons had got into such mischief, but they were certain the Jewish boys were to blame. They had no use for Jews themselves—those people had all the jobs and all the money and were so thick they pushed you off the street the minute you stepped outside your door—but no one could say they didn't try to bring up their children as good Christians. They proved their own good citizenship by belonging to such patriotic organizations as America First or the Christian Front! Some day their children wouldn't be forced to learn in the streets to fight for their rights!

II

"How do children learn such things?" Why do we as grown-ups try to hide from the sight of our own corruption behind the miniature mirror of a child? They learn these things from the nearest grown-up, of course, and he is most frequently a parent or a teacher. I daresay that neither the Newton mother nor the parents of the prankish schoolboy hecklers from a segregated upper economic strata can see any relationship between the now forgotten embarrassing misbehavior of their own children and those later deplorable Dorchester beatings—which they still can't quite believe. But when social acceptability is gauged by adults in terms of race or religion or nationality background, when political disagreement speaks up as prejudice against a culture, then nearsightedly secure Americans are sending their sons out on Hitler's monstrous business just as surely as the misguided Christian Fronters and America Firsters. But we do not like to look close to home. Instead, we blame the streets (perhaps as

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the symbol of a way of life?) for the corruption of every virtue, including that of democracy.

But the streets can be, and frequently are, the thoroughfares of democracy. In Boston, particularly, the children whose business it is to be in the streets regularly, as newsboys, bootblacks, and peddlers, are the only group of youngsters in the entire city to have had the benefit, for the past 17 years, of a proven educational program for true democracy of race, color, and religion. The Burroughs Newsboys Foundation of Boston in 1928 began to find practical answers to the question, "How do children learn such things as good citizenship in a democracy?" Since then, at The Foundation headquarters in Boston and in its summer camp, Agassiz Village, in West Poland, Maine, 20,000 boys of 27 different national origins have given living evidence that children of the streets can learn—and teach—the self-respect that has respect for its fellow men.

Harry E. Burroughs, the founder and director of The Newsboys Foundation, was himself a Boston newsboy when he came from Russia to earn his living at the age of 12. His stand was on a street corner 100 yards from the gracious old building that is now the Burroughs Newsboys Foundation. In giving the fortune he earned as a corporation lawyer to the street merchants of Boston, Mr. Burroughs sought, as an untrained social worker, "to give back to America some of the riches it gave to me." "Feelings of insecurity are the cause of most juvenile delinquency," says Mr. Burroughs. "Frequently these feelings of insecurity spring from over-consciousness of race." Quietly, with emphasis upon race only when necessary, the theme that accidents of birth and circumstance are no barrier to self-realization in democracy is interwoven into every activity of The Foundation.

I was at Agassiz Village, The Founda-

tion's summer camp, when a ten-year-old colored boy, referred there by the juvenile court, got into trouble. The Foundation's principle is that there is no such thing as a good or a bad boy; there are only misdirected or well-guided boys. The boy who has been "in trouble" is not a marked man among his fellows unless he gives himself away. This ten-year-old started out by being popular. Then he began to be generally unmanageable and quarrelsome; fetched up by stealing some money and being caught at it. The Personal Guidance Staff, which functions out of sight and sound of the boys, voted to send him home. Mr. Burroughs objected, fearful that the youngster would go back to chronic delinquency.

"I didn't steal the money," the boy said sullenly when Mr. Burroughs talked with him. "I haven't made any trouble. Everything gets blamed on me because I'm a nigger."

"You're a Negro, not a nigger," Mr. Burroughs said, "and I'd be pretty proud of it if I were you."

"Nobody likes me because I'm black. I get blamed for everything."

"Everybody liked you until you started acting like a heel. Your skin is black and you ought to be proud of it. But a black heart is something else, and nobody can blacken your heart or your name except yourself."

He decided to build up the boy's ego a little, with what he calls "vitamins for the soul." He noticed that the boy was an unusually good swimmer for his age and praised him for it. Then he asked him to help teach beginners to swim, emphasizing his responsibility for them. The youngster underwent a transformation. As swimming instructor—under supervision, of course—he was patient and thorough; in other activities he regained his sunniness and his camp friends. Soon he asked to see Mr. Burroughs to confess to having

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taken the money and to return it. He remained at The Village for six weeks, was elected to the office of constable, and hasn't been in trouble since.

The first principle of The Newsboys Foundation is to teach democratic unity by example. Therefore, the staff at both The Foundation in Boston and Agassiz Village in Maine always has represented many of the races and nationalities which share in the history of America. The Newsboys Foundation was the first white agency in Boston to employ a colored staff worker. Last year at Agassiz Village the staff included Americans of Dutch, German, Russian, Italian, Polish, Scandinavian, Yankee, Osage Indian, and Japanese ancestry. Chief Big Elk, his wife Princess Pretty Woman, and their male "papoose" Running Elk made up the Osage Indian family, charged with the Indian Village of tepees, tree houses, cemetery, mounds, and archeological utensils. Boys who compete for merit marks in community work and attitudes may earn the title of "Braves" and the privilege of living in the Indian Village in traditional fashion, learning ritualistic dances and songs, conducting trade and parley by canoe and pony messengers with the "Pioneers."

The Covered Wagon Village of the "Pioneers" has a stockade and blockhouse to supplement two real covered wagons as residences. In playing their realistic game of "Pioneers" and "Indians," the boys not only learn American history first-hand: they also attempt to undo its injustices to the American Indian by fair trading and discussion. Through parleys and mutual goodwill, they aim to avoid pillaging and warfare, to live and let live in mutual trust and respect.

The most important aspect of The Foundation's training in democratic unity is believed to be achieved by political self-government. At Agassiz Village the boys

govern themselves in the pattern of any New England community through weekly town meetings. At The Boston Foundation all boys are citizens of the city of Newsboyville. There are also 37 autonomous Burroughs Clubs in suburban cities, under The Commonwealth of Newsboys.

The boys really direct their own government and elections. The mayor and city councilmen of Newsboyville (the councilmen representing athletics, music, arts, education, crafts, etc.) are elected each spring by secret ballot. The nominations and elections are handled by an election board appointed by the incumbent mayor. Candidates for office have real platforms and hold rallies. They try to win votes by slogans and campaign promises, but woe betide them if they do any campaign smearing! And it is a sad day for an elected officer if he welches on his campaign promises. One elected mayor failed to come through with pre-election promises of jobs, circus tickets, and cigars. He was about to be thrown out of the window of The Foundation when he begged for a chance to make good. He never did provide the cigars, which were illegal, but he humped around during his term of office to get the circus tickets. And he was so effective in winning the co-operation of the circulation managers of Boston newspapers in ending unemployment that he retired from office with a handsome record. That particular ex-mayor of Newsboyville is now known as an honest politician, attached to the Public Works Department of the city of Boston.

Thanks to The Newsboys Foundation, the city of Boston itself has had a Negro as theoretical mayor for a day. He was Mayor Harvey Campbell of Newsboyville, now a corporal in the United States Army. On one day each year, Newsboyville's officials take over the reins of the Boston city government to bolster their confidence in their methods of civic procedure.

HOW DO CHILDREN LEARN SUCH THINGS?

Unlike most social agencies, The Newsboys Foundation goes into the highways, streets, and byways of Boston, as well as into the juvenile courts, to coax street merchants into joining a Club fabulously designed for them. It inspires many boys to take a news route, a shine stand, or a peddler's license so that they will be eligible to join. For the Club teaches the social equality that democracy offers to honest, unprejudiced citizens. It is a handsome edifice on Beacon Hill, just around the corner from the State House. It is furnished with Oriental rugs and fine paintings from Mr. Burroughs' own home. At Agassiz Village, newsboys have 18 finely bred saddle horses for their enjoyment, a private merry-go-round, motor launches, and a real side-wheel steamboat. "It is instinctive in boys to try to measure up to their surroundings," is Mr. Burroughs' explanation of what has been called "unheard-of luxuries for the underprivileged." Rides on the merry-go-round, the horses, and launches are "rewards" for such a long list of merits that no boy is ever denied them. At The Foundation, the only snobberies that would exclude a boy are those of courtesy: boxes at the door demand all wads of gum; a doormat is there to insist that feet be wiped; hats must be removed as the door opens. A boy entering his private club goes directly to the shower room to see that his hands and nails are clean and his hair combed before he goes to his chosen destination in the building.

Any boy may have free musical instruction and the use of any musical instrument if he aspires to the orchestra, the band, the famous Harmonica Band, or lesser musical groups. Daily song fests and concerts of records feature—and emphasize—the wealth of music contributed by the various ancestral lands of The Foundation's American members. Irish boys sing Jewish ballads, Negro boys

learn Russian folk songs, Scandinavians learn old English madrigals with full awareness that all this music has enriched their democratic land.

Religion, save in its influences on history and its contributions to the far-flung culture of America, seldom enters the program of The Foundation in Boston. But at Agassiz Village a general religious service at 11 o'clock each Sunday in the community dining hall is voluntarily attended by both Jews and Christians. No boy is questioned if he stays away. On the other hand, a Catholic boy must tell his counsellor the reason if he fails to attend the Mass celebrated at the same hour in the Town Hall, for Sunday religious attendance is an obligation to Catholics.

The educational program at The Foundation and The Village, both in crafts and in general subjects, uses methods similar to the newer Springfield Plan of emphasizing democracy in the public schools. Neither program is derivative of the other; it is merely that two widely different but famous social experiments in the two largest cities of Massachusetts have arrived independently at similar methods of successfully realizing the purposes of democratic education. The Foundation's program aims merely to supplement the training of the public schools, for students whose special problem it is to compete in an adult business world while they are still children. Self-government and personal guidance are therefore considered of greater importance than the purely educational phases of the program.

Over 80 per cent of The Foundation's boys who go to college (many aided by Foundation scholarships) embrace the social professions: teaching, medicine, sociology, law, and dentistry. Many others choose journalism, music, or commercial art. Scores of engineers and hundreds of good mechanics first sensed their talents in Foundation craft classes. Few Burroughs

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boys, indeed, are "failures" in the sense of leading questionable lives as adults. I've met dozens of former and present Foundation boys, and I've never yet met one who shows a trace of racial or religious prejudice.

Boys of Italian and Jewish background are more numerous at The Foundation than any other group, but any tendency to segregate is nipped in the bud.

A boy named Vito had his day as The Foundation's Problem Boy Number One. He became the leader of a group of North End newsboys of Italian extraction who stuck together at The Foundation and developed a lordly sense of power. Vito and his crowd got permission to fix up a dirty junk room in the sub-basement as a clubroom for themselves, never suspecting that the permission was to be a test case. They worked like beavers and made a stunning room out of the place, then had a key made for each one of them and a sign proclaiming the locked room "For Italians Only." Harry Burroughs asked them to come to see him in a group. "Hello," he said, when they came in. "You're the bunch of wops, aren't you? I hear you're acting like a gang of guineas." As one man, the boys drew back, muttering in anger and outrage. "You don't like being called wops and guineas, do you?" Mr. Burroughs remarked. "I don't like being called a sheenie or a kike, either. That's why I try to behave like an American. You made a beautiful clubroom down there out of your own ideas and your own labor. But when you keep it for Italians only, you're insulting the other fellows. The only way they can get back at you for the insult is to call you a gang of guineas. Wouldn't it be better to be Americans?"

Vito and his henchmen asked permission to go into conference. They returned to surrender their keys to Mr. Burroughs

and to post a written apology to Foundation members on the bulletin board, together with an announcement that they would be honored if all the boys would share their new clubroom.

That episode was a turning point in Vito's life. He stopped being a problem boy and turned his talents for leadership to winning friends. He became mayor of Newsboyville by popular acclaim at the age of 17, before family troubles made it necessary for him to leave school and become a fisherman for a livelihood. But his leadership cropped up again in the Army, and Vito is in his third year overseas as a First Lieutenant.

There were no members of The Newsboys Foundation among the gangs of boys who roamed the streets of Dorchester, Roxbury, and South Boston, hunting for unprotected Jewish boys to beat. As boys of the streets, they were too busy peddling their papers and learning to be responsible citizens. And most of them, who know what it is to wince in terror from the taunts of "kike," "nigger," "shanty Irish," will spring to the defense of anyone else who is lashed with such epithets. The street merchants of Boston have learned that there is fairness and equality in the life of America and that it begins with self-respect and decency.

It shouldn't be hard for the same human lesson to be taught behind the picket fences in Newton or within the sheltered school walls where a future generation is being groomed for the administration of accumulated democratic bounty.

Isabel Currier is vice-chairman of the Frances Sweeney Committee in Boston, a frequent contributor to magazines, and author of "Prejudice Among the Unprejudiced" in the Spring 1945 issue of CG.

MAIN STREET—SPRINGFIELD

CLARENCE I. CHATTO AND
ALICE L. HALLIGAN

IN A CABINET in the office of the supervisor of junior high schools in Springfield, Massachusetts, are three treasured books. The thin volumes bear no publisher's imprint, no distinguished author's name upon the title page, but they are unique and priceless. For these books were created by the co-operative effort of children, teachers, and parents. The actual work of writing, editing, illustrating, printing, and binding the books was for the most part done by children.

Springfield is not unlike a great many other industrial communities in America. The forbears of its people came from every continent. A relatively high proportion is foreign-born or of the first American generation. No single ethnic group makes up as much as twenty per cent of the population. The Main Street of Springfield is a segment of the Main Street of America. It seemed appropriate, therefore, to curriculum planners that children studying the story of their country devote a part of that study to their own community. In the course in United States history for Grade Nine, a special unit, *The Contributions of Nationalities to Springfield*, has been incorporated. The three books referred to have grown out of the work of that unit.

And here is how it all came about.

A junior high school class in social studies was studying the different nationalities that have helped to build America. The boys and girls were writing stories about the part their own people had

played and about the land from which their ancestors had come. A slender, dark-haired boy had finished his composition and was slowly reading over the words he had written in English, for him an alien tongue:

"It was summer in the southern part of China. The birds were singing and the flowers were blooming in the valleys. I had finished my breakfast of rice, soup, and vegetables. Soon I would leave for school.

"In my school all the students wore costumes of sombre colors. The boys and girls stay in one room and the teachers teach in different rooms.

"Often the children study aloud. At the end of every period I had time to go out and play.

"On my way home I could see the beautiful trees and the mountains in the distance. This day I gazed upon this scene for the last time, because tomorrow I was sailing to America and a lump arose in my throat at the thought of leaving this beautiful country."

The boy's fingers picked up the pen and almost unconsciously he began to shape on a scrap of paper the graceful, complicated characters he had learned to form in that school of his early childhood thousands of miles away. "It was summer," he wrote, "in the southern part of China. The birds . . ." A friendly, excited voice at his elbow exclaimed, "Oh, look, Chin is writing in Chinese! What does it say, Chin?" Children crowded around his desk; the teacher came to see.

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He explained that he was writing about China in his other language, too, and then he went to the blackboard and wrote in the ancient Chinese symbols the first sentence of his story.

After Jin Wo Chin had gone back to his seat again, several children clamored for recognition. "Why can't we all do that?" they asked. "We can write all our stories in English and then in the language our parents speak at home." . . . "We ought to find out how many languages are spoken by children in the whole school and then have them write stories too." . . . "Let's make a book and put all the stories in it." . . . "I can understand Syrian all right, but I can't write it very well. Would it be O.K. for my father to help me?"

And so they began their book, *A School Speaks*. The introduction reads:

"Our school is made up of many nationalities. In writing the stories for this book we have chosen countries whose language can be read or spoken by the pupils in Classical Junior High School."

The foreign lands and languages represented in the finished book were China, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Palestine, Poland, Sweden, and Syria. The section of the book on each country began with a crayon or water-color picture showing scenes associated with the life of the people or human figures wearing the national costume. Then, on facing pages, were printed in painstaking lettering the two versions of the text, on the left in English, and on the right in the other tongue. Eighty-three children from all three grades in the school helped with the stories, the lettering, or the pictures. Several parents worked with their children in translating the English story into the language of their youth, in shaping the queer letters, and in spelling the half-forgotten words.

When the book was finished, every-

body wanted a copy. And so the pages were photographed and copies were printed by lithography. But all the colored pictures for each of the hundred copies were done by hand in the art classes.

A School Speaks now has its place of honor in the cabinet of the supervisor of junior high schools along with two other books, *Folk Music*, and *Pioneer Spirits*. The three books, produced in three different schools, are unlike in conception and execution, since schools and teachers work toward the common goal with complete individuality. The first sprang into being through the spontaneous initiative of the children. The others were the result of conscious planning.

Several ninth-grade classes, including English, social studies, music, and art groups, combined their programs of study to produce *Folk Music*, a book on the folk songs of the nationalities represented in Van Sickle Junior High School: England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Russia, Greece, French Canada, Poland, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, and the United States.

In the groups which worked on writing or illustrating the materials on each nation, children of different national backgrounds were assigned to work together. For example, the eight boys and girls who wrote the text on Greek music included Poulopoulos, Shenas, Trubonis, Hanson, Ward, Josselyn, Bachand, Grummel, a mixture of nationalities well-calculated to inspire understanding and mutual respect. That the children grasped the ultimate purposes of the project and of the unit of study is shown by the dedicatory paragraph that closes the introduction to their book:

"We, the ninth grade pupils at Van Sickle Junior High School, present this book to be added to the series of books written by school children, and we dedi-

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cate it to all who are striving for better understanding."

A few of the folk songs came from books and other printed sources, but most came from the lips of parents or grandparents who had sung them in the old country. After the songs had been decided upon, music classes learned the words and music and sang them in a school assembly. Art classes planned the design of the book and painted in water color symbolical designs, landscapes, and action scenes to illustrate the different sections. Five copies of the book were made, each differing slightly from the others, but all rich in beauty of color and arrangement as well as in that more subtle beauty that illuminates any piece of work well done by many hands working together.

The two pages devoted to Scotland are typical. At the top of the first page the letters of the word Scotland are in the green and red design of a Scottish plaid. Beneath it extends across the page a strip of plaid of a different design, with the arms of Scotland in the center and a tiny landscape at each end. Then comes the typewritten text with wide margins, and at the bottom a little circular pattern showing the green leaves and tufted head of a thistle against a red background. On the second page the text is broken by a winding design of music staff and notes running from the gaily-clad figure of a bagpiper in the upper right corner to that of a sword dancer in the lower left.

In another section the word Russia, painted in large red letters, is flanked by a balalaika player and a goose girl. Beneath, twine a few bars of the Volga Boat Song with the Russian words lettered also in red. Below the text is an action picture of the boatmen. The next page has an illuminated initial letter and a painting of musicians and performers in a Russian dance.

All through the text are personal touches: "This description of a Polish wedding was given to me by my mother." . . . "My grandfather gave me this information." . . . "This incident was told to me by my mother, who was born in Greece." . . . "All this is a true story of what I experienced when I was in Worms, Germany."

The theme of the study, contributions of nationalities to Springfield, is kept constantly in the foreground. "The Scandinavians organized a singing society in Springfield. When the windows of the hall were open, people would stop and listen with pleasure to the beautiful strains of music." . . . "The Canadians were a thrifty, industrious people who merged easily with the population of Springfield." . . . "Many of our fine streets and highways are the product of Italian skill."

The section of the book devoted to the United States includes discussions of the contribution of the Indian, the Negro, and the cowboy to our national folk music, a paragraph on the tunes of Stephen Foster, and text and pictures on American patriotic songs.

The closing words of *Folk Music* return once more to the theme: "We have been fortunate in our musical history, because we have not only the folk music of our own land, but also the wealth of folk lore and folk music which people brought to us from their native lands. These contributions have played their part in the development of our own music, both of the past and the present, for folk songs are being made today. All folk songs seem to strike a general chord which through our singing may someday lead mankind into the unity of a peaceful world."

The articles in this book, too, were written, edited, and illustrated by the children. The typing, fitting neatly around the designs and pictures, was done by a teacher, since it involved a skill in which

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the boys and girls had not yet been trained.

It is always a joy to hear grandmother's story

*Of how she once lived far over the sea,
Or to hear grandfather grumble with
many a rumble*

*Of how hard he worked when way
back in Dundee!*

*But I think I most treasure with greatest
of pleasure*

*The story of how here they settled
right down,*

*Found work in our city, made their home
so pretty,*

*Became one of the very
best*

*Families
in*

Town!

Between *A School Speaks and Folk Music* stands another volume, of smaller dimensions but crammed with an even greater wealth of material, *Pioneer Spirits*. This book of seventy-five pages was done in letterpress in the printshop of the Forest Park Junior High School. All the children of the ninth grade, many from other grades, eleven teachers, and countless parents, grandparents, and other relatives of the pupils helped to assemble the information and to make the book. Classes conceived the plan of bringing their study to life by writing biographies of sixty foreign-born residents of the city to show the part they and their families had played in the community.

The result was a series of stories of ordinary people such as live on our street or in our apartment block—the stuff of which America is made. Many were the parents or grandparents of the children who wrote the stories. In many a living room were long and patient interviews.

There was a laborious plotting of family trees, busy taking of notes, much talk of old days in other lands, more talk of America, the land of promise and of fulfilment. Young eyes looked up to father or grandfather with new understanding and pride as they told of hardships endured and victories won.

The exploration of the family history brought to youngsters a new understanding of the past and a sense of the significance of the part of every American in it. Sometimes the study led them down unsuspected byways. One girl of Puritan ancestry dating back to Cotton Mather commented ruefully to the teacher after she had looked into the career of that celebrated cleric, "You know, I was surprised to find that he was what I call mean!" A pupil who brought to school a letter that a Forty-Niner great-great-uncle had written home from the gold fields explained apologetically, "He couldn't spell very well, but I guess he didn't need to." But in spite of such minor disgraces as witch-hunting and defective orthography, it was with genuine pride in their own people that the boys and girls took their stories back to school.

Once the materials had been collected, social studies pupils wrote the biographical sketches; English classes edited them for correct form, variety of sentence structure, and punctuation; art classes drew pictures to illustrate each story and carved linoleum blocks for printing; the boys in the printshop set the type and printed the sheets. The art classes undertook the task of binding the book and stenciling upon the cover the title *Pioneer Spirits*, a name chosen to emphasize the fact the pioneers who made America came on the *Aquitania* as well as on the *Mayflower*.

The frontispiece of *Pioneer Spirits* shows the immigrant with his wife, his child, and his little bundle of possessions gazing upon the campanile of Springfield,

rising like a sun upon his horizon. "We dedicate this book," says the foreword, "to the many people of other nationalities who, having come to our city, have become real neighbors, real Americans."

Titles of the biographical sketches give the flavor of the little book: "My Family Tree" (reaching back to Ireland, England, and Germany), "Italian Brothers Build Our Homes," "My French Grandmother," "My Grandparents from Sweden," "From England and Lithuania," "Springfield's Average Citizen," "An Austrian Makes Our Mirrors," "A Neighbor From Greece." Respect and affectionate understanding illuminate the paragraphs: "My uncle says America gave him opportunity. I think he has given to America a happy, eager workman." . . . "I don't know whether my ancestors are well-known or not, but they have made good citizens of this country." . . . "I have always been proud of my Dad's family. How much more pride must grandfather have for the fine family of sons and daughters that he gave to America." . . . "One of the best beloved Jews in the history of Springfield is my grandfather." . . . "Uncle Tom may not have set the world on fire with his grand deeds, but he has made good honest citizens of himself, his wife, and his children. That makes me proud of him."

Not all the stories in *Pioneer Spirits* are about relatives of the writers. Children interviewed other foreign-born residents of the city, both prominent and obscure. Frequently such assignments were undertaken by boys or girls of ethnic groups different from that of the subject of the biography. A Jewish boy wrote "An Immigrant Becomes a Hero," about an Italian foreman who risked his own life to save the lives of his fellow workmen. The story of the handicaps and the triumphs of a Swedish family was written by a boy of English ancestry, and that of a Russian

merchant by a girl of German descent, who wrote also the story of a distinguished Italian doctor and a sketch of a former mayor of the city, himself a native of Germany.

A School Speaks, Folk Music, and Pioneer Spirits are the tangible evidence of three constructive achievements in understanding, but they are the means and not the end of the study. Other books will be made; different and perhaps more valuable ways will be found for reaching the real goal—an appreciation of all American neighbors. The emphasis is not on the exceptional individual but on the common man and woman of every race and national origin who has helped to make America. The great are not forgotten, but neither are "my mother," "my grandfather," the skilled workers in manufacturing plants, the small merchants, the farmers, the Negroes, the Italians, the Irish, the Germans, the French-Canadians, the Poles, the Jews of the community. Understanding and appreciation are the objectives of the unit, and they are reached by many different roads.

This study of the contributions of nationality groups to Springfield, developed through several years of experimentation by teachers of social studies, is a part of the Springfield program of education for democratic citizenship, sometimes called the Springfield Plan. The program, as is of necessity true of any attempt to influence the course of society through the education of children, is a long-range program. Gains may be made by attacking discrimination and prejudice wherever they may be found, but permanent adjustments can be reached only through the slow process of training the children in our schools to understand and to translate into daily living the fundamental simplicities of the American ideal, not only in the relations of human beings with

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one another, but in those relations of the individual to his community and his country that we comprehend under the term citizenship.

The Main Street of America passes through our town as it passes through yours. Along Main Street, in the shops and homes of Main Street, there is no isolated problem of the Negro, the Jew, the Catholic, or the Protestant. There is no separate Polish or Italian or Mexican or Yankee problem. The indifference of the voter on election day is a part of the same pattern as the refusal of an employer to hire a fellow-American because of his race or religion or origin. There is only an American problem, and it concerns us all. We shall not find a complete solution in this generation or the next. Perhaps we shall achieve it only when after long years of living and working and thinking together we shall have learned to know and understand one another, when majorities shall have found a finer spirit than tolerance, when minorities shall have made for themselves a place in our country which no man can deny them,

and when any American in his own house on Main Street, knowing that any other American stands without, can say in the words of Robert Nathan, "Let us open the door and say, 'Come in!'"

To the attainment of that end these three books, made by children, make their contribution.

The material in this article is adapted from a forthcoming book, *The Story of the Springfield Plan*, by Clarence I. Chatto and Alice L. Halligan, with an introductory chapter by Dr. Clyde R. Miller, to be published soon by Barnes and Noble of New York City. The authors are members of the supervisory staff of the Springfield schools. Miss Halligan, chairman of the committee which six years ago laid the foundation for the organized program in education for citizenship, is now acting director of adult education, guidance, and placement. Mr. Chatto is curriculum specialist in the public schools, and principal-elect of Classical High School.

ABE LINCOLN IN THE THIRD GRADE

MILLA Z. LOGAN

MY MOTHER watched disapprovingly as I stood on a chair and stretched across the dining room table to cut myself another piece of walnut torte.

"You'll spoil your dinner," she warned, but without her usual force of conviction.

We were the only two left at the long table littered with the starchy remains of the daily coffee party. This had come off in full sail with the embroidered, lace-

bordered table cloth and napkins and the hand-painted coffee cups. Sometimes our coffee parties were plain kitchen-table-and-oilcloth affairs with homemade bread and honey, but for today our appointments were as elaborate as for a saint's day because we had had special company and it was Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

Everybody had gone home, and Rosa was in the kitchen setting a less festive

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table for dinner. My mother sat at the dining room table in the half dusk and folded and refolded a soiled napkin.

I took advantage of her abstraction and stretched out again to snatch another piece of torte. She roused herself and slid the plate from under my knife.

"Don't go away," she said as I started to leave the table, defeated. "I want to talk to you about something."

I drew back into my chair. A column of neglected duties filed through my mind. When had I last practiced on the piano? How long since I had written to my great-aunt in the old country?

"This is going to be a story," my mother assured me, and I settled down relieved and eager. "But first I want to ask you—what did they tell you about Abraham Lincoln in school today?"

"They said he freed-the-slaves."

She reached over to the silver caster and lifted out the tall salt and pepper shakers. "While I am telling you this story, I want you to think about these two shakers," she said. "They belong to our family. Your great-grandfather bought them when he first came to San Francisco. He owned them and now your father and I own them. Some day you will own them."

I fixed my attention on the two shakers as if I expected my mother's long fingers to perform an act of magic with them. "You see," she explained moving them from one spot to another, "we can do whatever we want with them, because we own them. We can break them, we can stand them on their heads, or we can knock them one against the other. That's all right, of course, because they're just salt and pepper shakers and have no feelings. But there was a time when people treated other people as if they were salt and pepper shakers."

Then my mother told me how many years ago—even before my great-grand-

father had come to this country—white people brought thousands of black people over on boats from Africa and owned them just as we own salt and pepper shakers.

"The black people worked as servants, but not the way Rosa works for us," my mother said. "Rosa can talk back to us when she feels cross. She can quit if she wants to. She doesn't have to be a servant all her life. She can refuse to do what I ask her to, but when the black people refused, they were beaten. If they wanted to quit, they had to run away and be hounded until they were caught and beaten again."

The happy ending came just as I thought I was going to cry a little: Mr. Lincoln, after walking many miles back and forth to school every day and reading all night by firelight, became President of the United States and won a war to make free people out of all the salt and pepper shakers.

It was a good satisfying story and it brought to life the meaningless phrases like "under-God-he-saved-our-nation," that we had been mouthing at school all week.

It had got dark and I was ready to run down the long hall to hide myself behind the back-parlor portieres and surprise my father when he came in. But my mother wasn't finished.

"I had a special reason for telling you this story," she said as I was sliding out of my chair. "Mrs. Markovich told me today that a Negro lady has taken over the little tailoring shop that Mr. Morris used to have on Polk Street. She has two children, a boy and a girl around your age, and they are going to live in the rooms behind the store. They'll probably show up at your school soon, and I want you to treat them as if they were guests in your home. Think hard about Abraham Lincoln and make up your mind to treat

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them as he would want you to. And don't you ever forget, for one minute, that there's no difference between you and those children except the color of your skins."

I promised my mother I would be extra kind and friendly to the little Negro children. "You should be," she pointed out, "because you should know a little about how they feel. How do you like it when children call you 'Dago' because they hear us talk in Serbian? Well, just think how much worse the Negro children feel when mean things are said to them because their skins are black."

I thought a lot about Negroes that night. All kinds of new vistas had opened up on the subject. "Do they have Negroes in Serbia?" I asked my mother. "Are Negroes foreigners?" "What happens if a Negro marries a white person?" I wondered what Miss Monihan, our teacher, who was always telling us that foreigners never took baths, would do if one of the Negro children should turn up in my class.

A few mornings later, after we had said the "Pledge Allegiance," our principal walked into the classroom followed uncertainly by a big Negro boy. She didn't fling an arm around his shoulders the way she did with other newcomers when she introduced them to the teacher. And the teacher didn't say, "Boys and girls, this is Ronnie Davis, your new classmate. I hope you will all show him how we do things here." Instead, she let him stand in front of the class for a long time while we all stared at him. He looked down on the floor, and all we could see was the top of his kinky head.

When the teacher was through writing, she looked around for a place to seat him. "I suppose you might as well sit there," she said pointing to a vacant seat across the aisle from me. He shuffled

down between the two rows of seats still keeping his eyes on the floor.

"Pick up your feet," she shouted at him.

I tried to smile at him as he slumped into his seat but he wouldn't look at me. I poked my head into my desk and fished out a long yellow pencil and a soft drawing eraser. I laid these gifts on his desk when he wasn't looking. When we were ready for the spelling lesson, I passed my blank book to him so that he could observe all the "left hand corner" and "double ruled line" amenities about which Miss Monihan was so fussy. He looked at the blank book and slipped it back on my desk while I was at the blackboard. I lent him my ruler, too, and motioned to him, when I caught his eyes, to keep it, because I had another one.

Yet, though I had tried to please Abraham Lincoln all morning, I felt I was making no progress. When the recess bell rang, Ronnie tumbled out with the rough, bigger boys in the class into the boys' yard where my hospitality couldn't follow.

At recess I saw his sister. She was making a noisy sensation in the lower end of the schoolyard where the first-grade girls played. Tall and overgrown, she romped through the yard like a clumsy St. Bernard puppy with the first graders racing like happy small dogs at her heels.

I looked over to the boys' yard to see what Ronnie was doing. He was sitting, alone, on a bench, staring at nothing.

After school I walked home with Ronnie's sister, Earline. It was an exhilarating trip because Earline loped and cantered, crisscrossed through back alleys, and hurdled "street closed" signs all the way home.

After that I "walked" home with Earline whenever I could keep up with her. Whenever we met her brother, he ignored us, although when I would see

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them together they were companionable with each other. I kept up my classroom attentions to Ronnie—going to such generous extremes as giving him the red crayon out of my box. Not even this sacrifice rated a sign of recognition.

More out of self defense than graciousness, I sternly monitored Ronnie's blank

day that there were no bugs in my hair, that there just couldn't be. American ladies like Miss Monihan were more particular. They were sensitive to things that foreigners overlooked.

On the few occasions that my stewardship of Ronnie's blank books failed, I sat rigid and tense, holding my breath while



books to see that they were correct in every detail of ruled lines and spacing. I was frightened that some slip of his might bring the fat, bulky black-aproned body of Miss Monihan to our corner of the room.

"I thought I spoke plain English," she would say and crack Ronnie across the knuckles. She always cracked him harder than the other boys, and the children would say that was because "niggers" didn't feel pain as much as we did. She would be so close to me that I could see where her corset ended, and I would be so close to her that she could smell me, and that was the very thing I wanted to avoid. All foreigners smelled to Miss Monihan. They smelled of garlic, they smelled of wine, and they smelled of filth. If Ronnie drew Miss Monihan's presence down on us, she would be close enough to make another observation. She could look down on my head and see there the bugs she said all foreigners had. It was no assurance to have my mother tell me every

Miss Monihan brought her ruler down on him. She never noticed me, but I always thought she hit him harder because of the smell—his and mine.

A few weeks after Ronnie had come to my school, I had my eighth birthday. It was Miss Monihan's custom on the day before a pupil's birthday to put his name on the blackboard. This gave the other children a chance to buy presents, if they wanted to, or to plan special parties or surprises.

I knew it was no use to ask my mother if I could stay home from school the day my name was written in rose colored crayon in the birthday column on the blackboard. I had every reason to believe no one would pay attention to my birthday. I wasn't one of those pink-cheeked, popular little girls whose mothers let them wear short socks and Mary Jane pumps and put their hair up in rag curlers every night.

After the lunch hour Miss Monihan rapped for attention and told us we were

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now going to have the birthday quarter hour.

"We'll sing the birthday song and anyone who has any presents can leave them on the birthday girl's desk." She spoke mechanically as if she knew my birthday party wouldn't take much time.

The class sang the birthday song without much enthusiasm while I prayed for the fire alarm bell to ring. After they sat down, a little girl with bands on her teeth rushed over to my desk and handed me a top. She was the one who gave everybody a present, so that didn't count.

"What a pretty top!" Miss Monihan said. "Wasn't that sweet of Jennie? Has anyone else any presents for our birthday girl?" Miss Monihan waited. "Anybody else?" she asked again. A friendly fat boy in the front row had two apples on his desk. He looked them both over, picked one up, and laid it on my desk.

"A pretty blue top and a shiny red apple," Miss Monihan enumerated. "What a lucky birthday girl. Is there anybody else?" Nobody moved. I thought that all time had stopped and that this moment would never be over. I began to count, to keep my mind off my disgrace. When I got to twenty, Miss Monihan looked down on her desk and picked up a square package elaborately wrapped in flowered paper and Christmas ribbons.

"Someone left this on my desk for the birthday girl," she announced. "Davie, you be the postman and deliver it to her."

"Open it, open it!" the class shouted. "Yes, open it, dear," Miss Monihan urged, "so that we can all enjoy it."

I was so excited Miss Monihan had to help me. She cut the beautiful ribbon and gently removed the wrapping. There were more colored tissue papers in the box. On top of the wrappings was the most beautiful birthday card anyone had ever seen.

"Ooh! Aah!" The little girls gasped and

pushed each other aside for a look. It was a big square card with a pink satin heart as deep as a pin cushion on it. There was a fairy with real blond hair and silver wings.

"Who sent it? Who sent it?" Everyone wanted to know, but the card had no name on it. We dug into the colored tissue paper and unwrapped a perfume bottle with a French name on it.

"Real perfume! Let me see!" all the girls squealed, and the boys mimicked them.

Miss Monihan looked at the clock and tapped for order. "That will be enough now," she announced. "The birthday party is over now. I want you all back in your seats. I'll put this in my desk until going home time," she said, gathering up my present and its wrappings. "Then you won't have anything to keep your minds off your work. Attention, everybody."

During the afternoon several little girls turned around and smiled at me approvingly. I wondered if one of them had sent me the present.

I was very proud when I took my present home. Everybody was there because we were having a special coffee party for my birthday. The card and the present were passed around at the table for everybody to see. I was too happy to care when someone pointed out that I was too young for perfume. Someone at school liked me well enough to send me such a wonderful present! Someone I didn't even know.

When it came Teta Katé's turn to examine the card, she looked at it a long time.

"Give it to me," I begged. "You'll spill something on it. Please give it back to me."

Teta Katé handed it to my mother. "There's her answer," she said. "Look in the upper right-hand corner of the back of the card."

"Where? Where?" I squirmed in between my mother and Teta Katé. "Let me see! What does it say?"

My mother laid her long fingernail under the tiniest bit of handwriting I had ever seen. Pencilled, faint, almost illegible, but in the right-hand corner, where it should be, was the name "Ronnie Davis."

Ronnie Davis? For a second I couldn't even think who Ronnie Davis was. When I remembered, I couldn't believe it. "Why, he's the little Negro boy who sits across the aisle from me," I blurted.

I was almost knocked down by the blast of laughter that followed.

"Our queer little Pooritza," Baba Yana wheezed, choking into her napkin. "She makes a big hit with the little colored boys!"

Teta Katé wiped the tears out of her eyes. "If all the little boys in her class were black, our Pooritza would be a howling success," she said.

"Well, anyway, somebody likes our Pooritza," Baba Yana said, giving one of my pigtails a tug.

I pulled away from her and pressed against my mother. She put her arm around me and waited for the laughing to taper off.

"That poor little boy with no father to support him must have spent at least two dollars on this present," she said, fingering the bottle of perfume. "I don't see how you can laugh at him. I don't see how you can laugh at Pooritza because she got this present for being the only child in the class who was kind to him."

Nobody said anything, but they all acted as if my mother had stopped their fun.

I picked up my present and my card and ran to my room where I laid it on

the bed with the handkerchiefs, dolls, and hair-ribbons I had got for my birthday. I ran my finger over the silky heart on the birthday card and shuddered. What would I have done if the children in my class had known who sent that present? How could I have stood it if they had laughed! I would have died. I never, never could have gone back to that school again, no matter what my mother said.

I picked the bottle up and looked at it again. It was so pretty and sweet-smelling. Ronnie had sent it because he was grateful for the little things I did for him. All the time I thought he was not appreciating them. It was as my mother had said. I got the present because I was the only one in the class who was nice to him. But I had thought somebody sent it to me who thought I was "pretty" or "cute." Everyone in the class had been impressed—even Miss Monihan.

Poor Ronnie, to feel so grateful. Now I wouldn't even dare to thank him for his present. I couldn't even keep on being as kind as I had been. Suppose on Valentine's Day he sent me a Valentine—and it got out who sent it? They might even draw hearts with our two names in them! No, I could be polite, but I couldn't ever again do anything that would make him send me a present.

My mother would be very disappointed—and Abraham Lincoln. I ran my finger over the silky heart on the card again and felt terribly sad.

This is the fourth in a series of sketches Milla Logan is writing about her childhood as a second-generation American of Serbian descent.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.

FESTIVALS TOGETHER

BERNARD POSTAL

CHRISTMAS-HANUKKAH PAGEANT STAGED AT BROOKLINE SCHOOL" was the headline that appeared in Boston newspapers during the middle of December, 1944. Simultaneously, the press of the country reported from Kingston, New York: "RABBI PROTESTS PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHING OF CHRISTMAS STORY."

These two headlines point up a problem that comes to public notice only when it becomes a matter of protest, but they also point to a possible solution tried with no little success in the public schools of at least fifteen cities.

Notwithstanding the separation of church and state in the United States, Christmas is an integral part of American life and mores. This is particularly true in the case of the public schools, where the singing of Christmas carols, the lighting of Christmas trees, the distribution of Christmas gifts and the dramatization of the Nativity story, make the Christmas period a particularly happy one for children.

Jewish children, obviously, cannot derive the same enjoyment from the Christmas festivities as their non-Jewish classmates, for the holiday is not their own. Since Christmas is a Christian religious holiday, the pre-Christmas festivities in the public schools confront Jewish children with two alternatives: to share fully in the joyous observances and run counter to their own religious teachings, or to refrain from participation and set themselves apart from their classmates for the

duration of the Christmas program, with a resultant feeling of being outsiders.

Both choices are patently undesirable. Certainly they are not in keeping with the spirit of goodwill characteristic of the Christmas season. Similar dilemmas face Jewish children during the pre-Easter period.

Progressive educators who recognize the school as a miniature society which can and should be the "testing ground where the optimum values in human relationship can be striven for," may have evolved the answer to this delicate problem by experimenting with joint Christmas-Hanukkah and Easter-Passover programs of a non-religious character in the schools.

So far as I know, the first experiment of this kind was tried in the Lincoln Junior High School in Minneapolis a decade ago. Shortly after William P. Von Levern became principal in the fall of 1934, he became aware that whenever there were Jewish holidays, better than half the student body was absent. At first he accepted the traditional procedure of merely acknowledging the fact that various days were festivals for Jewish pupils and that they would not be in class.

Then he found non-Jewish children asking questions: "Why are the Jewish pupils out today?" "What holiday is it?" He saw that at Christmas and Easter Jewish youngsters sat glum and close-mouthed during school observances of the

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holidays. When teachers began reporting that a barrier was dividing Jewish and Christian children in school activities, he felt it was time to do something.

At the beginning of the 1935-36 school year, Von Levern invited Rabbi David Aronson of Beth El Synagogue to confer with him and exchange ideas. Out of this meeting came a decision to include in the school's annual Christmas entertainment the story of the Hanukkah festival.

When the youngsters arrived the morning of December 14, 1936, they heard the school orchestra in the lobby softly playing Christmas carols and Hanukkah hymns. Throughout the closing days of the Jewish festival of lights and prior to Christmas the students heard daily concerts of festival music. The ninth grade dramatic club presented Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird* to a school assembly. A special program was published for this occasion, the cover page depicting the Christmas and Hanukkah symbols and the contents telling the story of both holidays and pointing up the similarities.

On one side of the main corridor was a lighted Christmas tree and a lighted wreath, and on the other a stained-glass window effect with the six-pointed Star of David furnishing the background for a lighted Hanukkah menorah. Stretched across the corridor was a banner bearing the slogan, "Understanding." In the social studies classes, teachers explained the significance of the symbols.

Thus was conceived a pioneering educational venture. Impressed with the reaction of children and teachers to this innovation, Von Levern, Rabbi Aronson, and two Lincoln teachers next wrote a pageant for the Easter-Passover period, depicting the story of both holidays in song and pantomime. Now an annual tradition at Lincoln Junior High, the Christmas-Hanukkah and Easter-Passover observances, which take advantage of the

coincidence of the Christian and Jewish festivals, are not religious programs. They are courses in teaching applied democracy. Making good use of the fortuitous circumstance that Christmas and Hanukkah, the festival of lights commemorating the Jewish triumph over Greek religious oppression in the second century before Christ, and Easter and Passover, the feast of freedom commemorating Jewish liberation from Egyptian slavery, generally occur at about the same time, Lincoln Junior High effectively exploited the festive spirit of both Christian and Jewish pupils to acquaint each group with the customs, esthetic symbols, and cultural traditions of the other.

Over the years this program has increased in popularity and effectiveness. Last year students painted scenes depicting Christmas and Hanukkah on the windows of the hall landings, and the assembly program included a Hanukkah tableau, a Christmas tableau, a morality play, and music.

What is significant about the experiment initiated in Minneapolis is that it serves to teach youngsters at an impressionable age and under non-sectarian educational auspices not only an appreciation of each other's differences but a recognition of the fact that the American way of life demands that each must respect the right of the other to be different. Instead of ignoring differences, the Minneapolis idea stresses them, emphasizing that each has its beauty and ethical value.

Taking its cue from Minneapolis, John Marshall High School in St. Paul initiated a similar program some five years ago. Annually this school sets up a combined Christian and Jewish display just prior to Christmas and Hanukkah, depicting the two holidays in dramatic form. The exhibit includes the Star of David, the eight-branched Hanukkah menorah banked by potted plants, and the tradi-

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tional Christmas tree. Above the display is the motto, "All Men Are Brothers."

The Washington Elementary School in Springfield, Massachusetts (home of the Springfield Plan), where one third of the children are Jewish, employs a variation of the Minneapolis technique. For years the Jewish youngsters had no part in the annual Christmas program. Two years ago the Parent-Teacher Association, recognizing the similarity between the Christian story of the Child and that of Hannah and her sons in the Hanukkah tale, the presence of the feast of lights in both stories, and the striking parallel in dress and setting, named a committee of teachers and parents to create a two-part pageant of lights.

A rabbi helped with the historical material. Costumes were made by the parents who also supervised rehearsals. The school's art and music departments lent a hand. The children themselves picked the cast, selecting both Christian and Jewish youngsters for leading roles. As the pageant took final shape, it included six scenes, three each from the Old and New Testaments. The music was a blend of Christmas carols and Hanukkah hymns. "A Festival of Lights," the script of which has since been published by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, was first given in 1944. Now it is an accepted part of the Springfield Plan.

Bessie Geffen Wilensky, in a letter to the editor of *The Reconstructionist* last February, told how the Christmas-Hanukkah program idea was introduced in two schools in the South. While Mrs. Wilensky was teaching in an Atlanta public school eight or nine years ago, she presented a Hanukkah program as part of the school's Christmas celebration. It was so well received it became an annual event. When she moved to New Orleans, one of her colleagues, a non-Jew, continued the program.

In New Orleans, Mrs. Wilensky told the story to friends who were surprised that the plan had not been tried in that city. When her own youngster entered the public school for the first time, Mrs. Wilensky visited the principal shortly before Hanukkah and told of the Atlanta experience. With the approval of the assistant superintendent of schools, the principal urged Mrs. Wilensky to try out the program. As a result, the 1944 Christmas presentation included a Hanukkah program, too. In one classroom when a teacher called for a composition on "Why I Celebrate Christmas," the Jewish children were permitted to substitute Hanukkah. During the art period, Jewish youngsters made Hanukkah greeting cards while the others worked on Christmas cards.

The Michael Driscoll School in Brookline, Massachusetts, observed the stories of the Nativity and the Festival of Lights in a production of two scenes presented at assembly. A mixed cast of Christian and Jewish youngsters of the eighth grade participated. In some roles Christian characters were played by Jewish pupils while Jewish characters were portrayed by Christian children.

Seattle's Horace Mann School broke away from the traditional Christmas program last year when the pre-Christmas school assembly featured not only the customary Christmas play but an enactment by fourth and fifth graders of the Hanukkah story. Horace Mann has about 40 per cent Jewish enrollment. The Rogers Junior High School in Stamford, Connecticut, gave a different twist to the Christmas-Hanukkah idea by presenting a portrayal of "This Season Throughout the World" at their Christmas assembly. More than 100 youngsters of all races and creeds, garbed in native costumes, depicted the Christmas holiday customs of different peoples throughout the world.

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Included was the Jewish observance of Hanukkah.

In the kindergarten and first grade classes of two public schools in Washington, D.C., the story and symbolism of Hanukkah were introduced into the Christmas program last year for the first time on the initiative of parents. A number of public schools in Cleveland marked Christmas and Hanukkah by assemblies. Miller High School in Detroit this past year initiated joint Easter-Passover and Christmas-Hanukkah programs, with displays explaining the various ceremonial objects employed in the observance of the holidays. Individual schools in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Columbus, Ohio, have also experimented with similar programs.

As an outgrowth of a project initiated by Rabbi Solomon J. Moseson, counselor of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the New York State Teachers College, Albany, New York, joint Christmas-Hanukkah and Easter-Passover programs will be held in most of Albany's public schools. In place of the usual Christmas program, Rabbi Moseson last year persuaded the College authorities to sponsor a Christmas toy shop and candlelight service, with a portion of the program devoted to a portrayal of the Hanukkah candlelight scene and narrative. Shortly after this presentation, Rabbi Moseson had inquiries from principals of two elementary schools and one high school as to why he had not passed on the idea to them as well. The end result is that the Albany public schools are now preparing to sponsor joint programs for Easter-Passover and Christmas-Hanukkah.

The number of public schools utilizing this form of intercultural program and the number of children involved are, of course, still too limited for any real appraisal of its effectiveness. Nor is there yet a unanimity of opinion among Christian and Jewish religious leaders as to the desirability of this kind of program. Some see it as an entering wedge for religious teaching in the public schools. Others are concerned lest it lead to a syncretism of Judaism and Christianity.

The Reconstructionist, a journal of Jewish religious opinion representing a segment of conservative Judaism, welcomes "the recognition of Jewish festivals in the schools" and urges that it become widespread "on condition that our rabbis and educators play their proper role in this intercultural education." By which The Reconstructionist means that Jewish religious leaders and educators should begin supervising the Jewish aspects of the program.

One of the teachers who participated in the development of the idea in Springfield epitomized the whole theory underlying this aspect of intercultural education when she said, "You don't have to teach tolerance to children. All you have to do is keep them the way they are."

Perhaps the idea born in Minneapolis and now taking root elsewhere may become another milestone on the hard road toward making America safe for differences.

Bernard Postal is national director of information of B'nai B'rith, oldest and largest national Jewish service organization.

JOURNEY TOWARD THE LIGHT

I. L. SALOMON

WHATEVER her name was I can't remember but she was my first teacher and her name like good riddance has gone out of my head. My mother had just entered me in grade school. I was wearing my best clothes: a white starched blouse with a bright red tie; a pair of blue knickerbockers, fuzzy and scratchy; and the uncomfortable tight button shoes that had been two sizes too big the year before. They had been my holy-day shoes until now when my mother unwrapped them from the special box she kept them in and blew her breath upon the patent leather as one does to a pair of glasses, rubbing the fog off with a chamois she kept for the purpose.

The class I was in had some three dozen six-year olds, all scrubbed clean and smelling of yellow soap and kerosene, very strong. How it was with them I do not know, but with me, who wore itchy underwear and shoes that cramped my toes, it was a matter of great fortitude to be sitting as straight as I had been told to. It was quite a game to keep my eyes front, my head erect, and to steal at the same time a guilty look down my nose to make sure that the handkerchief, pinned in the pocket of my blouse, was still there. Who sat on either side of me I do not know, but somewhere in the vastness there were my friends, Moey and Alberto and Shimmie; and Mickey, who lived down the street, a janitor's boy.

There was no sound in the room. The urge to leave it was great upon me but I

knew not how to ask or where to go if permission were granted, so I pressed my knees together and almost immediately the pain subsided. For a wonderful thing was happening. The teacher stood straight before us and called the roll. Each of us waited to hear his name called, the calling of the name being his identity defined, making him distinct and apart from the many who crowded the room. And we learned soon enough to say *present*, a word with a new meaning yet meaning nothing to us. I was timid and self-conscious and wary, for fear I'd forget what my mother had forewarned me of: not to be turning my head, which was really a hardship; and not to be talking, which was indeed no hardship when every movement of the teacher seemed to be directed for my benefit.

She stood before us in her black dress with her high-laced shoes peeping out at the hem and her white wrists showing at the sleeves and her jaw bone resting in two places on the black collar, stiff with whale-bone seams. It was a hardship to have to wait for my name to be called. For my name began with an S; and S is a long way from the beginning of the alphabet for a boy of six, who for want of anything else to do, waits for his name to be called. It was like no other wonder alive to hear it spoken by someone who didn't smell of yellow soap and kerosene and who wore a black dress and carried her hair in a bun at the nape of her neck. She called it twice as if it were worth

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the saying; and then something came out of her throat and I was confusion and shame and bitterness. The class laughed, not loudly at first, at my discomfiture at the bright barb of her wit:

*Solomon Isaac, the King of the Jews,
Bought his wife a pair of shoes.*

That I heard and the swirl of laughter, from one and the many; and I saw strange faces, easy in mirth, and heard their animal gaiety spilling over. I looked up at the face of my teacher and I knew the meaning of hate as a child knows, who has been called dirty Jew and dirty Sheenie and Jew bastard.

What I had been forewarned of left me as the taunt, begun by one and repeated pitilessly by the many, tumbled in my ears like anarchic sound. I can remember nothing else that happened in school that morning, but I got no whipping when I came home for lunch with my red tie torn and my starched shirt black as my eyes were blackened. How I explained my hurt to my mother I cannot tell, but I shall never forget her soft hands on my shoulders and her lips in my hair, and her soft-spoken curse, so wonderful to hear and strange to be coming from her. "May she perish," she whispered in Yiddish, the grief of our people in her breath as she held me close to her.

"She's a Krisht!" I cried.

"A Krist?" my mother said softly, and her words were tender in their admonition. "And what did you expect, a rabbi?"

"She's got a gold cross that jumps up and down when she talks. She hates me."

"But I love you," my mother confided.

"And the children," I cried. "They all made fun of me. They laughed, Mama. They laughed. And Mickey spit at me and called you a bad word." I burst into sobs.

My mother said, "Live with garbage and you stink like garbage, but you

mustn't cry. You're my flesh and bone, my oldest, my kaddisch, and you must be brave. You've got a little sister and a little brother you'll take care of someday. And you must grow to be big and strong like Papa. And brave, my son."

She patted my head and took a fresh blouse from out the drawer. I was done with school, I said. School was meant for me, she answered, whether I wanted it or no. And despite my protestations, she scrubbed me again and brushed my hair and dressed me as clean as I had been but a few hours before. What a wise man King Solomon had been, she told me, and my grandfather for whom I was named was a good man, blessed in the eyes of God, and walking and talking with Him, even now as we were talking.

"I don't want to go," I pleaded. "I can't read or write."

My mother wasn't impressed. There were things to be learned in school and I had to go or what would I grow up to? There were things Jewish children had to learn and learning in itself was one of them. And still as I kicked and bunched my hands into fists and hid my face in her lap, she talked to me until finally, done in with patience, she hauled me to her shoulder and carried me off. I had not been able to eat but it made no difference. The little milk I had had was sour on my tongue. The muscles of my eyes were tight, and my lips trembled.

There were no children in the yard. For a moment I thought I might be taken home, but my mother found the room sure enough. She set me down, crowded me toward the door, opened it, pushed me in, and disappeared.

Why the class should titter I knew full well, but I waited for Miss Whatever-Her-Name-Was to tell me to sit down.

"A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar," she said.

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There was no holding the laughter. It swept across the room in terrifying waves. I began to cry.

"Sit down, cry baby!" she ordered.
And I sat down.

Not once did I hear my name called, not once. There was the sound of voices and laughter and singing, but I was alone. My eyes smarted and my heart was sore; my shoes pinched my toes; my body itched; but I sat with my hands folded on the desk and felt as if my face had been drawn taut as a drum from the long cry I had had. There were gold stars given out and the teacher pasted one on a card for me. Not even the star could mend my heart-break.

At afternoon recess my name was called but it was not the teacher who called it. Who of the children started to sing *Solomon Isaac* as they marched in front of me, I do not know. But the taunting, now begun, did not stop. I threw myself at Moey, Moey who had the same rabbi I did, and as the class screamed I paid him back with a strength that couldn't have been mine. I flayed him with my fists and kicked him in the shins, and for once in his life, he wasn't able to hit me. In an instant the teacher was between us.

"Isaac Solomon," she said.

"That's not my name," I said, in bitter antagonism.

She was saying words I couldn't understand and as I broke into tears she threatened to send me down to the rat cellar. She didn't have to tell me why the door leading to the cellar was made of iron. It was formidable enough to keep rats out, and as she opened it to impress its horror upon me, I ran. I ran so fast nothing could stop me, not even her high-strung voice, shrieking my name. I ran as if the devil were after me. I ran home and hid in the comforting darkness of our coal bin until I heard the voices of children in the street.

My mother must have understood at last, for I did not go back to school the next day and not for many days to come.

II

God bless Miss Lighthall wherever she is. She said I was a poet; and to a child of seven going on eight there were no words more wonderful to hear. She said it when I broke down during the reading of *Little Boy Blue*; and she put her arm about my shoulder and patted my face and told me how proud Eugene Field would have been to know a little boy like me. I had loved Miss Lighthall before this but now I loved her more than anyone else in the world with the probable exceptions of my mother, my father, my grandmother, my sister and brother, and my aunts, uncles, and cousins. That was the time of my life when my family allegiance was strong and my loyalty as such came a cropper when I tried to include Miss Lighthall.

God bless Miss Lighthall, I say. She called me the brightest boy in the class, not the oldest. Yet I was older than any child in 2A¹ and still bore the hurt I had had from Miss Whatever-Her-Name-Was, my first teacher, who had left me back. There must have been five little boys who were brighter. I talked myself into believing this after Miss Lighthall had recommended me to be skipped. She asked a half-dozen of us to come to school dressed in our best one day; and my mother, glad I was making up the half-year, went all out in getting me ready.

That morning, waiting, waiting, waiting for the sacred second to come when I would be quits with the past, I sat so still and prayed, that I was closer to God than I had ever been. Miss Kilmurry, the vice-principal, came in at last. She was small and dried-up and had a face like a hatchet, but at this moment even she

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seemed to be touched by the hands of God. Miss Kilmurry read the list of six names and ordered us to stand. We stood as stiff as new horse-whips, aching to unbend. We said good-bye to the class, who sang us a little song in farewell as Miss Lighthall shook hands with each of us. And then, at an order from Miss Kilmurry, to whom the entire procedure seemed somewhat unnecessary if not distasteful, we marched to the assembly room.

There we waited as Miss Kilmurry examined our record cards, and even as my mind belabored my heart with fear that she must discover that fatal notation, she called my name and gestured me aside. I saw her march my five classmates off and my heart marched with them as I waited alone in the vastness of the room for the vice-principal to return. She did not even look at me when she came back but took me forthwith to Miss Lighthall; and while I stood as dull as stone, I heard enough to know I wasn't going on. Miss Lighthall remonstrated in whispers; Miss Kilmurry shook her head and made off. My past was on me like a terrible scourge; and if I did not break down and cry with remorse at my failure and with pity for my mother, it was because Miss Lighthall pressed me to her side and smiled at me as if to say she understood my plight.

There was never any doubt in my mind from then on that I was the brightest boy in the class, for Miss Lighthall never failed to be pleased with my recitations; that term I earned more gold stars than any of my classmates. As the term went on, I was glad I hadn't been skipped, for then I might have had Miss Brynn or Mrs. Levy. I had Miss Lighthall; and having her, I didn't care if I had been left back a hundred times. With us she was never angry or irritable or testy. She brought a brightness into the room as fresh as Spring grass, as clean as an Autumn wind. What is more she let us

leave the room, even for a drink, which was an unusual courtesy from a teacher.

Whatever it was we studied we enjoyed, for Miss Lighthall loved us, said so, and showed it. This was the goodness that was hers and not a child but was the better for it. If our hearts hurt as Miss Lighthall read *The Little Match Girl* to us, she always had something ready to make us laugh. And if she told us we, every one of us, were destined to play important parts in the history of our country, we in our innocence took her at her word. She was always telling us stories and encouraging us to make up new ones. We waited for story-telling time with anticipating gladness. Occasionally she would call on me, her poet, to recite. This she said without malice. Life couldn't have been sweeter with any other teacher.

She had a way of commemorating our birthdays. Having ascertained our birth dates from the roll book, she gave us half an hour toward the end of the week to celebrate each and every child's. We learned to sing birthday songs, and we looked forward to the two pieces of hard candy each of us got, and we applauded the celebrants upon whom were conferred with a great show of surprise and affection gifts, either tin soldiers or rag dolls. Miss Lighthall didn't forget the children whose birthdays came during the summer or over the week-ends or during the months when we'd no longer be in her class.

It was a blessing to have her. She remembered the anniversaries of poets, inventors, statesmen, and story-tellers. She told us how holidays had come about, and how we must revere them by spending at least two minutes on the particular day in silent reflection. The day after a holiday Miss Lighthall never failed to ask us what we had thought and, after we had written down what we had been thinking, if we could remember what it had been, she pinned the best papers to the frame

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of the blackboard. There is nothing this class can't do, she told us, as she smiled with pleasure at our thoughts pinned up for everybody to see. But what was best was the beautiful "A" in red ink she had written on the best papers, and mine was one of these.

It's a great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world, Miss Lighthall would say, and when she said it she wasn't reading any poem to us but her words sounded like poetry. A wonderful world with wonderful children, she would say. My mother blessed her seven times a week, for I began to think the world was wonderful too and tried to live up to what Miss Light-hall said. I didn't start any fights at home with my pesty sister; and when I went out to get a can of milk I tried to remember I must not swing it in an arc over my head the way the big boys did. I must have spilled a couple of quarts learning how to do this, but for five months I didn't do such terrible things.

I even asked for lunch.

"Lunch?" my mother said.

"Lunch," I said.

Miss Lighthall had explained the propriety of using the right words in asking for our meals. Dinner was dinner and lunch was lunch. "Is there anyone who knows what lunch is?" she asked. Of course I knew. The "lunch" was what my father took his nap on. It was a plain couch with a head rest, covered in oil cloth, and it stood by the window. It was the lounge in its simplest sense, and our people had appropriated the word and corrupted its pronunciation. Miss Light-hall laughed good-naturedly, apparently spotted the difficulty at once, and said she was glad to add another word to her vocabulary.

You just couldn't be hurt in Miss Lighthall's class. Never once was she impatient like Miss Whatever-Her-Name-Was or overbearing like Miss Kilmurry,

or downright mean like Mrs. Levy. When we erred, she had only to smile and we knew she forgave us our indiscretions. She laughed with us and was sad with us and never once was contemptuous of our upbringing or of our ancestors; in fact, she called our parents pioneers in the adventure of discovering and making America.

This feeling of being somebody, of belonging to the country where I was born, was good. I was actually enjoying going to school, and what Miss Lighthall taught us merely implemented what my mother was constantly telling me: to be good, honest, proud of my heritage, friendly with my neighbors and above all humble before learning.

Miss Whatever-Her-Name-Was the year before had made us fold our hands in prayer and sing, "Jesus, blessed is Thy Name." In His Name I had been cuffed and spit at. Afraid not to sing, I mumbled words of my own choosing. I made it up to God that evening when unknown to anyone I prayed for Him to forgive my irreverence in saying the word Jesus.

Miss Lighthall never asked us to sing religious songs. She told us there were many peoples in the world who worshipped God in their own way and that in our country everyone was free to pray or not. She told us about ancestor worship and the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and we learned through her word the uncommon goodness in the common man.

That's how it was we had our Christmas party. Miss Lighthall was going to have a tree in the room and our class could share it with her by bringing ornaments to hang upon it. My mother with understandable anxiety did not care to have me join in celebrating an obviously Christian festival but, out of respect for what Miss Lighthall was doing for me, she consented finally to my buying some-

JOURNEY TOWARD THE LIGHT

thing out of my penny a day. I had twelve days and I saved every penny, denying myself the taste of licorice or chewy caramel. With my pennies tied in the corner of a handkerchief and clutching this fortune in my hand, I went to Mr. Eberswalde, the stationer on the avenue.

When I passed Mr. Skulnik's candy store on our street, I was somewhat ashamed I couldn't give him my business. For one thing I didn't want him to know what I was buying; for another, his wares couldn't compete with those on the avenue. I must have reached Mr. Eberswalde's store at least an hour before school opened and I spent a good half-hour looking over the entire selection. The Christmas bells in colored glass Mr. Eberswalde showed me did not meet my sense of beauty, and before he could get his hard cash from me I made him open every one of his boxes, even those under the counter. He was quite perturbed about my insistence and would have thrust me from his shop but for the money I still held on to. Finally he brought out what must have been a prize specimen of a flower in glass. With a wave of his hand he flashed it once only to replace it in the box.

"That's too much," he said.

"I got money."

He must have been scrutinizing the corner of my handkerchief for he suddenly said, "Fifteen cents, but I make it ten for you."

"Can I get a Christmas card with it for that?"

"Count your money first."

I laid out the twelve pennies on the glass counter, and even as I counted he swept them into the till. "Take any card you want," he said. I needed a little time but he hurried me along and I went out with my prize and a gaudy card.

That Christmas glass flower was too much for me. It overwhelmed my heart with goodness as I thought of the please-

ure it would give Miss Lighthall. The glass was painted pallid red with deeper red lines on the shell but its inside was dappled green and red with two silver threads ending in little knots like the filaments and anthers of a flower.

With my unwrapped prize in one hand and the card in the other, I skipped over the pavement and slipped. My glass flower broke into fragments on the curb.

A man on the way to work saw what had happened but he hurried on. The El rumbled overhead as if the sky were falling. As I went back to the store, Mr. Eberswalde turned his back on me without a word.

Hurt so much I couldn't cry, and angry with myself at my misfortune, I went home. My mother was adamant about spending any more money but even as she was saying no, she searched her pocketbook and counted out five pennies.

We were poor but not so poor we couldn't help those in worse straits than our own. She didn't have to tell me what five cents bought, a quart of milk any day in the week or three ice-cream cones in the summer. I would make it up to her I told her, but I shall never forget the look in her face as she kissed me and warned me to be careful this time.

There was nothing for me to do but go back to Mr. Eberswalde, who apparently was quite ready to do business again once I flashed my pennies. There was no use in my pleading with him for another flower.

"I'll bring you my penny a day," I begged.

"Trust is bust," he answered.

"Honest to God, every day I'll bring it."

"I ain't got no more. This is a nice Christmas bell. Ten cents, but you for five."

I knew he was lying and he knew that I knew, but I was late for school.

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I walked out of the store with the bell. There was no mishap this time, and although I was sad of heart, Miss Lighthall greeted my present with delightful words. What wouldn't she have said had she seen the flower. But when I placed the Christmas card on her desk, she held my shoulder and said, "This is for me?" She took her time reading what I had inscribed and her voice was whispered music as she added, "My thoughtful little poet."

Forever she disposed of Miss Whatever-Her-Name-Was and the inward shrinking of my spirit. Her words went through me and over and around me like stabs of joy.

I. L. Salomon is a New York writer whose prose and poetry have appeared in Encore, The Poetry Chap-Book, Contemporary Poetry, and other periodicals.

NEGRO HERO (To suggest Dorie Miller)

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

*I had to kick their law into their teeth in order to save them.
However, I have heard that sometimes you have to deal
Devilishly with drowning men in order to swim them to shore
Or they will haul themselves and you to the trash and the fish beneath.
(When I think of this, I do not worry about a few
Chipped teeth.)*

*It is good I gave glory, it is good I put gold on their name
Or there would have been spikes in the afterward hands.
But let us speak only of my success and the pictures in the Caucasian dailies
As well as the Negro weeklies. For I am a gem.
(They are not concerned that it was hardly The Enemy my fight was against
But them.)*

*It was a tall time. And of course my blood was
Boiling about in my head and straining and howling and singing me on.
Of course I was rolled on wheels of my boy itch to get at the gun.
Of course all the delicate rehearsal shots of my childhood massed in mirage
before me.
Of course I was child
And my first swallow of the liquor of battle bleeding black air dying and
demon noise
Made me wild.*

NEGRO HERO

It was kinder than that, though, and I showed like a banner my kindness.
I loved. And a man will guard when he loves.
Their white-gowned democracy was my fair lady
With her knife lying cold, straight, in the softness of her sweet-flowing sleeve.
But for the sake of the dear smiling mouth and the stuttered promise I toyed
with my life.

I threw back!—I would not remember
Entirely the knife.

Still—am I good enough to die for them, is my blood bright enough to be
spilled,
Was my constant back-question—are they clear
On this? Or do I intrude even now?
Am I clean enough to kill for them, do they wish me to kill
For them or is my place while death licks his lips and strides to them
In the galley still?

(In a southern city a white man said
Indeed, I'd rather be dead.
Indeed, I'd rather be shot in the head
Or ridden to waste on the back of a flood
Than saved by the drop of a black man's blood.)

Naturally, the important thing is, I helped to save them, them and a part of
their democracy,
Even if I had to kick their law into their teeth in order to do that for them.
And I am feeling well and settled in myself because I believe it was a good job,
Despite this possible horror: that they might prefer the
Preservation of their law in all its sick dignity and their knives
To the continuation of their creed
And their lives.

Gwendolyn Brooks is a young Chicago poet whose first book of verse will be published by Harper's in the Fall.

Dorie Miller, hero of Miss Brooks' poem, is the young mess attendant who won the Navy Cross at Pearl Harbor for his "distinguished devotion to duty, extraordinary courage and disregard for his own personal safety during the attack." Miller manned a machine gun on the USS Arizona after members of the gun crew had been put out of action and shot down four Japanese planes, then carried his wounded captain to safety under the whistle of enemy bullets. He has been missing in action in the Southwest Pacific since December of 1943.

MOMMIE, WHY AM I COLORED?

MARIAN S. JACKSON

OUR three-year-old daughter learned a new song on the nursery school playground today. "Teacher, teacher, don't whip me; whip that colored boy round that tree," she chanted at intervals all evening, with a noticeably Irish accent.

"Did Mike teach you that, Carmen?"

"Yes, and I know another one, too: 'Eeny, meeny, miny, mo; catch a nigger by the toe. If he . . . if he . . .' I forgot. 'Teacher, teacher—'" and she was off again.

With a three-year-old I know that neither song will long persist in her memory if it is not emphasized. But when she is five, or maybe when she is just four, she will learn one miserable day that she is colored, a Negro, a brown American, a darker sister. Whatever you call it, she will learn that she is different, that she is not to be accorded the same treatment others get because of her skin color. What am I going to tell her when that day of knowing comes? How can I answer her "Why am I colored?" To say she is brown because she belongs to Mommie and Daddy and we are brown won't be enough. The questions she will not be able to put into words are the ones that must be answered. She will have to have reassurance. Nearly always children learn that they are colored through an incident in which they are hurt and bewildered by a sudden change in attitude on the part of one or more of their playmates.

Already the children are beginning to notice things. Today Betsy, four years old and delighted with a permanent wave, suddenly observed, "Carmen, you always

have curls. Did you get a 'puhmnunt'?" Carmen, engrossed in the activities of Jerry, her pet turtle, answered only with a disinterested "No." But I began to wonder what Betsy's mother will say if Betsy remembers to ask her why Carmen has curls without a permanent. Will she explain that Carmen is a Negro and many Negroes have curls all the time and so they don't have to get permanent waves? Or will she say, "That's cause she's a nigger, Betsy. Niggers are—" and launch into a dissertation about the many faults of colored people and how they are to be treated if Betsy's white superiority is to be established and maintained?

I'd like to believe the former. Knowing Betsy's mother, I must accept the latter. Not that she is a horrid person. She's rather nice—pleasant, friendly, always smiling. But last week she yelled from the porch: "Get off that tricycle, you nigger bastards. You're too big." She was right—they were too big for the tricycle. But they are children, not "nigger bastards." Without those two words, I would have forgotten the incident. Now I suggest something else to do when Carmen wants to go to Betsy's. I can't bear to have her called a "nigger"—not yet.

But it is not only Betsy's mother. Most of the mothers of my daughter's playmates, despite their being good neighbors, reveal in various ways that they consider Negroes different from other people. One always adds "that colored child" when she mentions the name of a Negro boy in our group of apartments. But we all know one another too well for that to be

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necessary. Carol is not "that Chinese girl," nor is Ben "that Russian-Jewish boy," but Davy is always "that colored child." Another mother inquires solicitously about "your people." "Your people are getting a lot of good jobs now, aren't they?" she asks cheerfully. But we are Americans. They are her people as well as mine. Still, when Jean asks about colored people, she won't be told that we are all Americans and all people: no, we're "your people" and "my people."

I think about these things because I shall have to answer Carmen's "Mommie, why am I colored?" only if the mothers of Betsy and Jean and Frank have told their children such things that my child is forced to believe she is different. But tell them they will. It is too much to hope that in the next year or two people will have become so tolerant, so conscious of the need for American unity that they will accept Negroes as citizens and people and teach their children that Sunday School concepts are applied every day and not just quoted earnestly on the Sabbath.

Meanwhile, I must answer my daughter.

And this is what I shall tell her: "Carmen, you are colored because God made you brown. When God made the things in this world, He made many different colors. Flowers are all colors, birds are no two alike, the rainbow would not be beautiful if it were not for the different bands of color. And so it is with babies. They are all colors. I know there are pink ones, brown ones, red ones, black ones, white ones, and yellow ones because I have seen all of those. Hair is all colors from white to black, too, and some of it is long and some of it is short. Some is silky and some is rough to touch. But the color of skin one has and the color and kind of hair one has mean nothing. It is the kind of person you are that is important. People are friendly toward other people who are friendly to them. People like you if

you play fair when you are with them; if you are happy and cheerful; if you tell the truth (except when they know you are telling make-believe stories); if you are clean; and if you always treat them as you want them to treat you.

"Darling, we live in a country called America. Some Americans are called white people, some Negroes, some Jews, some Catholics, some Protestants. In fact, Americans have about a hundred different names for other Americans. But those names do not mean anything, because first of all everybody who lives here is an American. We are Americans, Betsy and her mother and daddy are Americans, Ben and his mother and father are Americans. Everybody you know is an American before he is anything else. We are all friendly because we **ARE** all Americans. You are an American who is brown. Other Americans are other colors, and that is why America is such a pleasant place to be. It would not be nearly so much fun if everybody looked just like everybody else, now would it?"

This is what we shall tell Carmen. Will you other mothers and fathers whose children are other colors tell them these true reasons for differences in color so that Carmen's experiences with them will be such that she need never feel ashamed of her brown skin and permanent curls? Will you do that? If you will, then we shall not be forced to answer, perhaps ten years from now, the second, the more difficult questions: "Mommie, why didn't you tell me the truth? Why didn't you **TELL** me that no matter how I act, no matter what I do, I can never be a real American: I'll always be a Negro?"

A graduate of the University of Illinois, Marian S. Jackson's chief interest is in the extension of parent-education facilities. This is her first published piece.

ADOBE GRACE

DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

SPANISH AMERICANS, rooted four hundred years in the adobe soil of New Mexico, know there is a war. Their Juans and Manuels and even their Carmencitas are coming back from far places with decorations for bravery and devotion to duty. In unknown adobe villages, brown fingers roll white bandages. Old men hobble along mountain trails selling war bonds from village to village. Their sheep and goats and their rich pinto beans are helping feed a hungry world.

But the greatest contribution of adobe-rooted Spanish Americans to the country they have always rushed to defend is an intangible gift. It is a grace in living which stems from their ancient mellow culture. It is a sense of belonging attained after hundreds of years of adapting themselves to golden sun-baked soil and blue, cloud-galleoned sky. They express grace as unconsciously as the wild plum produces its fragile bloom or the piñon jay his turquoise feathers.

Old Santiago Valdez likes his vino come the week-end. I met him late one dark night, weaving his devious way between the gnarled apple trees on the unlighted outskirts of town. In spite of his befuddled condition and unruly knee joints, Santiago stepped with infinite pains from the narrow path. A fumbling hand removed his broad-brimmed black felt hat. He stood with it extended at arm's length with the grace of a somewhat collapsing caballero.

"Muy buenas noches, Señora," he said gayly in spite of a too thick tongue.

"Buenas noches," I replied and found myself standing embarrassed and without further words.

Not Santiago! "Ah, well, Señora," he begged, "pardon me for the smallest part of a moment. I go now to the plaza to buy a tiny droplet of wine." As his unsteady legs buckled down the path, he tossed a little bouquet of alcohol-scented grace in my direction: "Vaya con Dios," he suggested gently. "Go with God."

It was some seconds before I rallied sufficiently to make the reply courteous if ironic. "And you likewise, Señor, you also go with God."

"Gracias." Santiago's thick syllables floated back out of the shadows as he miraculously negotiated the footbridge over the water "deech."

When Mrs. Padilla died and left eight half-grown children to a disorganized husband and the tender mercies of neighbor women who had teeming households of their own, trouble started for the juvenile authorities. Soon Pomposo was charged with house breaking and Eloy with car stealing. "Alas," wailed Mrs. Gallegos, their nearest neighbor, placing the emphasis not on law-breaking but on grace, "alas, pobrecitos—poor little ones! Now that their *mamacita* is gone, who now will teach them politeness?"

"Poor little ones" is an expression ever on the tongues of Spanish American women. Anything little or hurt or handi-

capped—a child, a sick animal, a bird fallen from the nest, a withered geranium plant—calls forth pity and prompt efforts to help. In chile-scented kitchens, an extra place is often set for “the stranger who may arrive hungry.”

This compassion is applied often even to the saints. Out in the fragrant orchard country of Chimayó is an ancient church with a square bell tower. On the altar stands a statue of the Christ-child. “Poor little One,” the village women exclaim. “Look at His poor dusty little shoes. He has been walking far. The next one who goes to Santa Fe must buy Him a fine new pair.”

This statue of the Christ-child has a habit of wandering over fields and through orchards. Just let another child be sick or in trouble and the little *santo* leaves His snug niche in the old church and wanders up and down the countryside to offer His

worn right through with much walking. And His clothes! You should see them—torn with brambles and covered with dust. It keeps us busy making Him new little dresses and buying Him bright shining shoes. *Verdad!*”

Not only on hand-carved altars in old churches smelling of ancient timbers and candle grease do the saints take up residence. In almost every out-of-plumb adobe house dwells at least one of the shining denizens of Heaven. Outwardly the saint has his living quarters in a scooped out niche in thick adobe walls. Before him is always a little stiff bouquet of flowers and often a fat candle burning in a ruby colored glass. Actually the saint is an intimate member of the household. He laughs and weeps with the family. Sometimes he even falls into temporary disgrace. Just by looking at the turquoise blue niche in the wall, I can tell how things are going with my friends. For saints are punished gently but firmly if they fail to perform their full saintly duties. If San Isidro and his wooden oxen stand ignominiously with their faces to the wall, I know that the corn and chile crop has withered for want of rain. If they are not in their niche at all, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that they have been placed in durance vile in the old tin trunk because of untimely hail that flattened the new bean plants and blighted the bloom on the apricot tree.



gracious help. “How do I know He does this?” old Doña Marta insists. “Why, often I come in the church and His nicho is empty. After a little while He is back. But you should see His little shoes all covered with adobe mud and the soles

When Mrs. Archuleta’s Antonito went away to war, she built a little adobe chapel with her own hands. Only she and the younger children could squeeze in it at a time and the roof almost scraped her black-shawled head. But it was a chapel, with a rough board altar on which stood an old wooden statue of San Antonio, the name saint of her soldier. Mrs. Archuleta made San Antonio an overseas cap of khaki felt just like Antonito’s, and in his stiff wooden hands she placed a

little wooden gun she had carved with her own clever fingers. Every day in summer she picked the best of her marigolds and geraniums for him. In winter she made paper roses in colors never approved by nature.

Then Mrs. Archuleta received a letter from the War Department. After that the



flowers remained unpicked in her yard. Wrapping her black shawl about her head and shoulders, she stalked into the little chapel. With firm brown fingers she took the overseas cap from San Antonio's wooden head and the little gun from his stiff wooden fingers. San Antonio had fumbled.

Time to the average "Anglo" is a limited commodity clipped off relentlessly in neat segments by an electric clock. Into this niggardly allotment of time must be jammed, by main force, certain activities virtuously known as work. If enough work is crammed into enough time, the resulting product should be money. With money the "Anglo" hopes at some future

time to buy what the Spanish American has every hour of his life—beauty, serenity, and time to enjoy.

Time to the Spanish American is an endless panorama unwinding on slowly turning spindles. It has neither beginning nor end. "Mañana," the "Anglos" say scornfully or wistfully when they try to explain their Spanish neighbor's idea of time. But he does not use the word in the "Anglo" sense of postponing. The past stretches behind him hundreds of years. The future is in the hands of his saints. For that reason his emphasis is on *hoy mismo*—this very day.

All through the long sunny summer hours the Spanish American plants and irrigates and gathers his crop. He takes days off to dance at fiesta and to march bare of head in religious processions. Some days he apparently does nothing at all but soak up sunshine as he leans against a warm adobe wall.

But let the first snowfall of November whiten the piñon-speckled hills and out bustle the adobe dwellers huddled on their wood wagons headed for the mountains and a load of wood.

"Why," demands the foresighted "Anglo," "why in the name of common sense didn't you go after that wood in the summer and not in this howling wind and drifting snow?"

"But, Señor," puzzles the adobe dweller, "in summer it was very warm. There was no need for wood. Today is cold. This very day we go after wood."

"They're lazy," the "Anglo" decides, watching his Spanish neighbor sitting in the sun and picking at his battered guitar. "And as for efficiency, they don't know the meaning of the word."

The "Anglo" forgets that the Spanish American came into the strange arid land of New Mexico with only what he could carry on mule back or in a squeaking *carreta*. Before him, over towering moun-

tains and cactus-spiked deserts, he drove his sheep and his goats. Unlike the English settlements on the east coast or the Spanish on the west, there were no boats to bring supplies. His base of supplies was back over the thousand of desert miles he had just crossed. It was work or die in the strange arid land in which he found himself. He did not die. He lives on to this day, half the population of a state, an example of adaptability to his fantastic surroundings.

So good was the job he did that "Anglos" today find themselves copying his housing, his furnishings, his system of irrigating the thirsty land, and the craftsmanship of his weaving and metal work. The difference is that the "Anglo" has made of ceaseless activity a virtue in itself. The Spanish American works because something has to be done or he actually enjoys doing it. Money to him is to buy something wanted this very day, not something needed in the future.

Adobe dwelling women cannot resist little pink coats and blue silk bonnets for even the dozenth baby. I see Mrs. Quintana fingering them longingly in the stores. The next day she is back with Mrs. Espinosa and Mrs. Melendez. They all finger and chatter in Spanish and roll their big brown eyes. At last they ask the price. Fifteen dollars will buy the pink coat and the blue bonnet with the lace ruching around the face. What is fifteen dollars compared with the thought of that little "anheel," María Encarnación, decked out in such amazing beauty? If the price had been double, Mrs. Quintana would not have hesitated.

She has a system all her own. She comes to my adobe, hoping not to intrude but could she use the telephone for a fraction of a moment? From a corner of her black shawl she extracts a much worn piece of paper with telephone numbers for just

such an emergency. "Would Mrs. Smeeth like a little house cleaning done?" Mrs. Smeeth almost comes through the 'phone in her eagerness. "Si, si, at nine o'clock next morning! Si, si, three dollars a day will be bueno."

At nine next morning Mrs. Quintana, her apron under her arm, trudges with great dignity through my yard. She has the air of a woman going about affairs of state. She is not going about house cleaning and scrubbing. She is going about buying a pink coat and a blue silk bonnet for María Encarnación. She will work five days at three dollars a day. She will work no more, no matter if Mrs. Smeeth's living room is left with all its curtains down. Fifteen dollars is all Mrs. Quintana needs at the moment.

"They're all alike," complains Mrs. Smeeth. "The Melendez boy came and begged me to let him work in my garden after school. He is only thirteen and small for his age. All through a hot May he worked and I must say I never had better help, young or old. He knew more clever things like putting a tin can with holes in it over the hose so it wouldn't wash the soil away from roots and cutting the edges of morning glory seeds so they came up in half the time. Oh, he was a good boy! But do you know what he did? He collected eleven dollars and twenty-five cents in pay and never would come back. I heard he bought his little brother a red express wagon and a cowboy suit for his birthday. And you see the way they live!"

A returned Spanish American Marine home from the South Pacific said, "Down on those islands there were boys from all over the country. One would talk about New York and another about Georgia and another about Iowa. Then they got a little mad at me. 'What is this New Mexico stuff you're always handing us?' they wanted to know. They all were plan-

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ning to go home and then strike out for new places. But not me! What is it, Señora?"

"Roots, maybe, in adobe soil," I offered, "roots four hundred years deep."

Ploughing through snow out of which the good bulk of clustered adobe houses rose like golden cubes, I found little Bartolomé weeping lustily. "The boys laugh at me in catechism class," he sobbed. "I say the wrong thing."

His big brother Hilario grinned. "What do you think he said to the *padre*, Señora? The *padre* ask him a question from the catechism, 'Who go to hell?' The answer, Señora, as you probably know is, 'Those out of grace go to hell.' But what does this dumb burrito say loud so every-

one can hear! 'The ungraceful go to hell!'"

Smoke from fragrant piñon fires poured from a dozen squat chimneys on flat-roofed little houses. Geraniums bloomed in deep-set little windows. Laughter and the hum of a guitar came to my delighted ears. Thinking of the graces of beauty and compassion and generosity these little mud houses held, I decided Bartolomé had probably voiced a great truth.

This is one of a series of sketches about the mixed cultures of the Southwest which Dorothy L. Pillsbury has written for COMMON GROUND.

Kurt Werth is the illustrator.

AMERICANIZATION

To be an American has been the passionate ambition of millions of the foreign-born down through the years. Even today in our communities, they come to classes shyly and eagerly, to learn English, to study our government, and finally, with citizenship granted, to take their place beside us at the polls.

LAWS EDUCATE

MARIE SYRKIN

NO DOUBT when the Bill of Rights was first being proposed for addition to the Constitution, somewhere around 1791, the inevitable quota of wiseacres urged Jefferson to forget all about it. You can't legislate freedom, they argued. What is the use of passing laws involving rights to freedom of thought, or freedom of religion? You can force people not to steal, but you can't compel them to respect other men's ideas or beliefs if they run much against the established grain.

The same fellows objected to the fancy stuff about equality and the pursuit of happiness in earlier documents, and they are still around objecting to any attempt to extend the legal base of human rights.

The stock argument against the Ives-Quinn Bill outlawing discrimination in employment in New York State because of race, creed, or national origin was, "You can't legislate tolerance." If an employer is prejudiced against Negroes, Jews, or Catholics, he will discover ways of evading a disagreeable law. Only resentment will be the result of summoning the weight of the law to break down natural antipathies.

One hears the same objections against the proposed incorporation of an international Bill of Human Rights in the charter of the World Security Organization. The opponents declare that human rights and fundamental freedoms cannot be guaranteed by law. Why put statutes in the books that cannot be enforced? Remember prohibition.

The opposition stems from two groups of individuals. One consists of a mixed

assortment of reactionaries who, for a variety of reasons, have a vested interest in maintaining discrimination and inequality in their respective spheres of influence—be it local, national, or international. The other would like to see economic and political wrongs rectified but genuinely believes that legislation is the false approach. "Education, not compulsion," is their slogan.

There is little purpose in arguing with a rabid believer in white supremacy about the merits of passing a federal anti-lynching bill. Such a person is not concerned with the feasibility of outlawing lynching; he is alarmed by its possibility. But liberals, who honestly doubt the wisdom of the Ives-Quinn Bill, or of the FEPC, or of any other legal attempt to impose standards of equitable behavior, are another matter. When they assure us that fundamental improvement in racial and social relations can be gained only through gradual enlightenment, and not by forcing the public to practice unfelt virtues, these men and women cannot be accused of desiring the failure of the measures they distrust. They would like the Ives-Quinn Bill to work, but they believe that you can no more thrust potations of brotherly love down people's throats than you can keep them from wood alcohol. Education is the way.

Education is admittedly the way. However, the educational process must not be defined too narrowly. It consists of many factors beyond those covered by a strict

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use of the term. The passage and observance of a law may be a form of education, and not the least effective form, viewed as pedagogy. It is true that goodwill cannot be created overnight by decree, and that prejudice cannot be exorcised by statute. But this admission does not invalidate another aspect of the question: namely, that the very enactment of certain legislation may be a valuable means of preparing the public mind for its observance. Opponents of the Ives-Quinn Bill urged that the public should first be educated to a level where tolerance would be practiced voluntarily. Then the law could be passed. That would be putting the cart before the horse. By the time the popular mind reached such a level of enlightenment, the legislation would be superfluous. The law itself must be viewed as an instrument of education, though that is not its primary purpose. In a democracy, the lag between law and popular feeling cannot be too great, as otherwise enactment by a majority could not be secured. It is a question of affecting a sizable minority and of compelling the majority to take its supposed beliefs more seriously.

Let me cite a comparatively trivial instance. Everybody knows that spitting in public places, or shaking brooms out of windows, is unhygienic. Yet in communities where there are ordinances prohibiting such acts, fewer infractions are likely. One reason is, naturally, the fear of punishment; another is the constant conditioning of the individual away from the act. Each time a man does not spit in the subway because he may be fined, he also automatically remembers the sanitary reason for not spitting. His reactions are being educated, just as his actions are being controlled.

Let me take another instance. At approximately the same time, the government introduced a legally enforced ration-

ing system and a voluntary salvage system. There is obviously no comparison between the degree of observance enjoyed by these measures, despite the far greater hardship imposed by rationing. Yet as vigorous an educational campaign was waged to persuade householders to save paper and fat as to explain the reasons for rationing essential foods. Here again we find, first of all, obedience to the authority of the law, but we see this authority influencing as well as compelling. In the process of obedience, a daily appreciation of the importance of rationing also develops. Something which the nation takes earnestly enough to enforce impresses the individual citizen with its seriousness. Of course there are violations and black markets but, by and large, the American public respects and concurs in the justice of the rationing law. Not only obedience but a greater measure of sympathy and understanding have been elicited through its universal compulsory character. Would such results have been achieved had we been content with voluntary rationing? We all recall the calamitous effects of requests not to hoard scarce products. A favorite answer to the protests of the few citizens who took the injunction to heart used to be: "If the government knows it's important, let them pass a law."

The law is not only the embodiment of force: it has also the power of a sanction or of a taboo. It is an article of faith in a social creed and, as such, influences the average individual who has no desire to range himself outside the pale of his community's customs and ideologies. Many a Southerner who would feel that the foundations of the universe were tottering if a Jim Crow ordinance were violated in Alabama calmly accepts the proximity of Negroes in the subways and schools of northern cities. In each case, the pressure of local law and custom educates him to a regard for an entirely dif-

ferent set of values. Though the gentleman from below the Mason-Dixon line has not been freed from racial prejudice because he has sat next to a Negro in a New York City street car, narrower boundaries have been set to the practice of his prejudice. If he settles in New York, his prejudice will have to retreat to the limits accepted in his new community. He will use the same public conveyance as a Negro, but he will not necessarily have to live in the same residential quarter. The law which gives the Negro the right to ride in the same train is at the same time making inroads on the area of his distaste.

The strike which broke out in Philadelphia in the summer of 1944 when Negro motormen were hired is instructive. The FEPC stood firm and won its point. From all accounts, the majority of the strikers are now working amicably despite the presence of Negroes in occupations formerly barred to them. Was not a lesson taught and learned?

Prejudices and superstition will continue to exist despite fair and enlightened legislation, but they are tamed and weakened by its presence. Their nature and scope, however, increase immeasurably in violence when stimulated by a legal code which sanctions them. Does anyone doubt that the Nuremberg Laws were a potent instrument in the creation as well as in the expression of anti-Semitism in Germany? Not only the original existent measure of Jew-hatred was released by the topsy-turvy morality of Nazidom. It was increased a thousand-fold through the impetus given by a new order which proclaimed as good, impulses which a man would previously have been ashamed to acknowledge. We felt the impact of the Nuremberg Laws as far as the United States. Anti-Semitism acquired respectability through its incorporation into the legal structure of a large European coun-

try. In a sense, it had become legitimized, and local hate-vendors, who had up till then peddled their product *sub rosa*, began to strut in the open.

According to correspondents, the commonest explanation offered by Germans for their conduct is that they obeyed orders, laws. And the Germans seem amazed at the notion that the world should have expected them to be law-breakers. German failure to resist the iniquities of the Nazi regime cannot be explained solely in terms of fear of consequences. Dying for Hitler also required courage. The real trouble lay in the fact that what had formerly appeared as evil no longer seemed so, because it had been invested with the powerful sanction of the state.

This respect for codes and customs affects even those not subject to them. We would be far less outraged by a cannibal who made a meal in accordance with the customs of his tribe than by a hungry European who committed the same offense. Behavior that follows a prescribed pattern, no matter how savage, is self-explanatory. War is, of course, the classic example.

A recent discussion with my students brought home to me—powerfully though indirectly—how great is the psychological influence of even an alien law. “It’s their law,” is both explanation and exoneration.

The pupils were debating German guilt. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that only the leaders should be punished. Though my students were shocked at the revelation of “atrocities,” in whose perpetration they had finally begun to believe, their indignation was directed at the “higher ups,” not at the small fry who executed the orders.

One boy put the case simply. “What’s the sense of getting mad at the German soldiers? They only do what they’re told.”

Another boy added, “They can’t help

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it. If they didn't obey orders, they'd be shot. What can they do?"

A refugee girl asked point-blank, "You boys will be in the Army in a few months. If your officer told you to murder civilians, would you do it?"

For a moment the boys were nonplused. Murdering civilians was hard to visualize. But a few boys maintained their position: What can a fellow do? If it's a case of your life—orders are orders.

What deductions can be drawn from this incident? A variety of possibilities offer themselves. The apologist for German guilt can assert that if normal American boys admit to this readiness to obey "orders," no matter what their character, then the German people are no more depraved than others. They simply follow the pattern of helpless humanity in the clutch of vicious rulers.

On the other hand, disillusioned romantics can lament that if such is the nature of mankind, we might as well despair of all schemes for the betterment of the species and of the world. Still others might remark tartly that there is no sense in attaching cosmic significance to the stray utterances of a couple of schoolboys. Yet I go on the assumption that a sentiment which appears acceptable to youths of nearly draft age merits serious attention.

Why do some very decent boys defend the German's execution of indecent orders? I think they are, first of all, unconsciously expressing a sense of solidarity with the great mass of *kleine leute*, the vast tribe of whom they instinctively feel themselves a part. They are voicing a fellow sympathy for the average unheroic mortal who would rather live and let live, but who when bidden will kill and be killed. It is no accident that "Sad Sack" and Mauldin's tormented GI's are the favorite cartoon figures of this war—strictly unglamorous figures who are al-

ways getting "in Dutch" and are always having to "take it." These cartoons are vivid reminders that for the American doughboy the war is a job to be done, and neither a crusade nor a punitive expedition. Because the average American boy is himself so unquestioningly loyal and obedient to his country's demand, despite the fact that he brings no fanatical passion to the fight, he is inclined to interpret the German's behavior—even in its infamous aspects—in the terms of this obedience. His imagination is unequal to visualizing the full horror of what Nazi "obedience" has meant, but his own experience enables him to understand the need to obey unrebelliously, where matters of life and death are at stake.

This does not mean that there is a lack of courage and gallantry in our midst. Every day we read of deeds of heroism performed by soldiers—deeds "beyond the line of duty." But this heroism is, in a sense, an apotheosis of obedience—the ultimate carrying out of the full implications of a soldier's orders. The brave soldier is obeying sublimely the injunction to sacrifice himself. This does not detract from the valor of his act. I am merely trying to draw a distinction between the courage required for obedience and for disobedience. The latter—as we all know—is the far rarer variety, even though the physical risks of each may be equal.

For the sake of clarity, one might employ such terms as "majority" and "minority" heroism—majority heroism being not merely the heroism of which a greater number is capable, but also that which elicits the approbation of the majority. Conversely, minority heroism is both practiced and admired by a small and dissident group. One gets you the Congressional Medal, even if posthumously, whereas the other earns you disgrace as well as death. The same boy who cannot visualize himself as bucking the tide, and conse-

quently cannot condemn the individual German with adequate severity, may well be capable of extreme heroism when buoyed up by the current of social approval.

Where does this get us? Does this mean my pupils are right when they decline to be outraged by the actions of a German soldier, and when they place the blame on his superiors? They are justified in so far as they have an instinctive realization of the force of discipline and social pressure. Unfortunately, not being given to speculation on the nature of the state, they fail to take into account the degree to which the individual German is responsible for the order-givers he has put into power—in other words, for the kind of order he has helped to create by his support.

However, even without the benefit of this type of meditation, my pupils reach a conclusion in which the problem of responsibility is implicit. Even though they are not indignant, most of them are for a "hard" peace. Let the Germans pay for what they have done. Teach them a lesson!

There is no contradiction in these two attitudes. On the one hand, they express their perception of the fact that "little folk" have to follow the rules of the game as it is played in their country, and that it is Utopian to expect grandiose gestures of resistance to the prevailing mores; on the other hand, they also realize that it may be necessary to make the players incapable of playing again the particular game in which they were involved.

I am not at the moment, however, concerned with German guilt and the nature of the peace. I am thinking of my pupils as representatives of a sizable portion of the American public. I find myself returning to the question of orders, and obedience to orders, in a democracy as well as in a totalitarian state.

One thing we can deduce from my pupils' reactions is the significance of "orders" in determining group behavior; orders have influence not only because of the authority they can marshal but because of the amount of social approval they contain. Of course I am using the word "order" not merely in the sense of a military command but as applicable to any injunction which has become a part of a society's code.

The mere fact that the weight of social pressure has ranged itself behind an idea in a fashion forceful enough to make it law and equip it with all the apparatus pertaining to enforcement has a psychic effect apart from the fear of penalty. There are styles in feeling as well as in thinking, and most human beings hesitate to be out of step. The rapidity with which it was possible to introduce a zoological anti-Semitism into Germany on the one hand, and to stigmatize as well as outlaw anti-Semitism in Russia on the other, indicates the possible educational function of an edict. Legislation, naturally, was only one factor here in an elaborate process of indoctrination, but it was a by no means negligible factor.

I think of my pupils again. The boy who believes that the German must obey the evil rules of his evil regime is paying a tribute to legitimacy as such. One should not underestimate the effect of legitimizing an aspiration or an impulse. This holds true for good as well as for evil. Every step forward in human progress, whether at Sinai, Runnymede, Paris, or Gettysburg, was accompanied by a declaration of principles embodied in law. And, in retrospect, we perceive that our laws shape us almost as much as we shape them. Every extension of human rights has emancipated not only the oppressed but the oppressor.

Throughout history, one of the first measures against an acknowledged evil has

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been to "outlaw" it, to put it beyond the pale of our sanctions and our approvals: political or religious emancipation has always meant the removal of legal disabilities. Conversely, Nazidom began its assault on civilization not with arms, but with laws. The fact that reactionary forces resort to legislation as readily as do progressive ones is a tribute not an indictment. Even the most lawless feel called upon to hide their naked violence with some sort of legal fabric. Not law-making but the kind of law made distinguishes a fascist from a free society.

Democracy, despite its failures and setbacks, has inaugurated each fresh conception of freedom and equality with a law which expressed the will of the majority, and so educated the minority. Prohibition was a fiasco because no large group took it seriously; the people as a whole were not concerned with its success. But most people are passionately involved in questions relating to political, racial, or economic equality. And we can remove economic disabilities just as we have removed political ones. We will create no Utopia, but we are more likely to influence our

citizens through the social pressure of a standard embodying the majority will than merely through discussion. This was true when we abolished slavery. It was true when we gave the vote to women. Who now remembers the acrimony and misgivings of the "suffragette" era?

We cannot legislate tolerance (we like the word "acceptance" better. Ed.), but we can legislate its practice. The sentiment will then have better chance of flourishing. Whether we are concerned with laws against discrimination in employment in our country, or with the "fundamental freedoms and human rights" discussed at San Francisco, it is well to remember that *fiat lex* is one of the ways of implementing *fiat lux*.

Marie Syrkin is a familiar contributor to these pages. Her book, *Your School: Your Children*, published last Fall (two chapters of which had previously appeared in *CG*), stirred favorable editorial comment from such diverse sources as the *New York Herald Tribune* and *PM*.

ROADS GOING DOWN

FRANK YERBY

IT IS like this in northern Georgia: there are hills instead of the endless flatlands, and the pines stand up naked for more than a hundred feet before they are crowned with a crest of green. In the earth there are more stones than in all the broad sweep of cotton fields stretching out to the south, and the air is cooler. Up near the Tennessee line, the hills steepen into mountains. The fogs collect in the hollows in the morning, so that standing on a shelf rock you can look up at a clear blue sky and down at the pine tops poking their trunkless and disembodied tops through the swirling mists.

It was this that the boy Robert liked to do first in the morning, getting up early before his father was awake and climbing with long loping steps the trail that curved upward, going while it was still dark, moving upward over the fogwet rocks through the blue haze where the spruce and pine moved dimly in the air. "Chasin the sun up," he called it, smiling, showing all his teeth white and even in his black face. "I goes up while it still dark down below, an when I git to the top, I done raise up the sun, so I got daylight. Down there," pointing, "it still night."

The boy's father, old Rafe, did not stop him in his wanderings. He was an old man, old indeed even when Robert was born, and between them there was little communication. Rafe cut the trees, slash pine for the paper mills, cordwood for burning, and took them down the slow winding trails for fifty miles to Atlanta, driving all the way behind a mule as old

and quiet as himself. Robert helped his father when he felt like it, and when he didn't, he simply wandered off. Old Rafe never checked him, and his mother was long since dead.

In the evenings, the old man sat before the big stone fireplace and read the Bible by the light of the pine knots. He taught Robert to read from it, and they took turns reading aloud to each other. Often they simply sat and stared into the flickering firelight, dreaming old dreams and young dreams, centuries apart.

"Oughta git erway from heah," Rafe would say. "Go down to the city, give you a chanct."

"What fur? We got everything. We got a house, we got vittles, an when we needs money you sells the wood. Watcha want to go fur? Ain pretty in the city. All dirt an smoke." He looked at his father, his voice softening. "An up heah, paw, we got—mountains."

"I knows, I knows," the old man said, "but you oughta have frens—young frens. You gittin big now. Fo long you be wantin you a gal."

Robert looked into the fire. "Be nice to have a gal," he said. "Be kinda nice to git some real booklearnin. Awright, paw, we go—next year. I'm sleepy. Bes be gittin to bed."

The fog crept down into the valleys and swirled around the boles of the trees. The sky purpled into night and pinned a tiara of stars above the low, rounded crests of the southern mountains. And the wind poured small, lost whispers through

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the dwarf spruce. In the cabin, the old man slept.

But the boy was kneeling by the glassless casement of the window looking out over the mountains. Already it was Spring and the air was warm, smelling of clover and cow dung and the perfume of laurel. The fire, needless now for warmth, used only for reading, had burned itself out, so that in the cabin it was dark.

"Wonder how Loon Lake look right now," the boy whispered. "Never been there at night. Bright night lak this go there easy. Full moon now, bright as day. Paw woan know. Sleepin lak a log."

He stood up and tiptoed to the door. A little wind pushed against it as it opened, and the hinges creaked loudly. Robert drew in his breath sharply looking back through the darkness to where old Rafe lay on his pallet. The old man sighed, and the boy was frozen. Then it was still again and Robert was gone out of the cabin, running softly across the flat table rock on which it stood and dropping down the trail, his feet making a little scurrying on the rocks.

The lake was in a little valley that was not really a valley after all. It was a place where the steepness leveled off into a plateau, and the grass grew green and the trees were tall and untwisted by any wind. In the middle there was a large sink, into which all the mountain streams emptied themselves, making a little lake that rose until it spilled in the Spring over the last barrier of the rocks and cascaded in a narrow waterfall for three hundred feet into the real valley below.

Around it, the rocks were high like a wall, and the trees came down very close, dipping their branches into the water, so that, until you were very close, you could not see the lake at night. And sometimes, rarely, the great blue herons up from Florida rested there for a night, and sent their hideous booming out over the water.

But no one had ever seen them there, and Robert had never been able to find anyone who had actually heard them booming, but still the story stuck (some time in de night de ole loon come an bellow lak a mule—deys hants dere, boy, I tells you!) and the name.

The trails going down were steep, but the moonlight was very clear so that he could pick out every twig and every loose stone. He went very quietly, from force of habit rather than from any fear, moving as a woods thing moves, with grace and surety. Once when the trail curved sharply, he thought he caught a glimpse of the lake, gleaming with moonsilver, but the trees came up out of the blackness and hid it at the next step so that he was never quite sure.

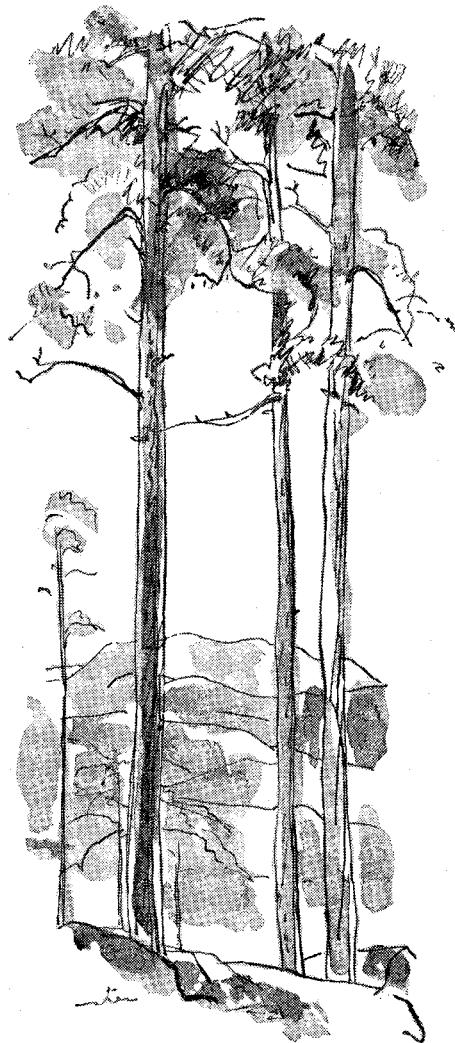
Then at last the ground was leveling off, so that no longer could he merely lift his foot and let himself drop step by half-running-step down the trail; now he had to walk, loping along like a blacker shadow in a world of shadows picked out by the moonlight.

And now he could see the lake glimmering through the trees, washed with moonfire. But as he came close, the shimmering was broken by the two great splashes so close that almost they were one splash, the water rising up like white wings and the darkness shattered.

Instantly he dropped to his belly and started worming his way through the brush to a place where the rocks were broken through and he could see the water. The silver was dancing crazily, spreading out, out, out on little wave tops until it broke against the sides of the rocks (moss green and slimy) in a little lapping. Then a head broke the blackness and another, the moonlight glistening down upon bare shoulders. The water glued the hair down to their heads but even from where he lay Robert could see that on one head it was long and very fair, streaming

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down wetly over the neck, splaying out golden net over the bare back as she broke water and swam expertly toward the rocks



a little way from those behind which Robert was hiding.

She. A girl. He drew his breath in sharply.

Then they were climbing out upon the rocks in the moonlight that was almost as bright as day, and lying there in the brush the black boy saw that they were naked. He knew then at once that he should be

gone, that for him to see this that now he saw could mean death and worse, but they were so close that he could not move without their hearing.

So at first he closed his eyes, the fear in him very deep and dark and clutching at his throat from the inside so that his breath was a choking tangle burning in his lungs. But then he opened them again. The girl was standing up and running her fingers through her long golden hair, pushing it out and back, away from her shoulders. And her whiteness was like the mountain laurel or, more, like the dogwood when you've been wandering all day through the green woods and round a turn, finding it there, leaping out at you, a cool seafoam blaze of white, stopping your breath suddenly.

Watching, unable to turn his eyes away, Robert saw how it was with a young girl, everything with a softness and a roundness, in spite of the sapling slimness and colt-like length of limb. He lay very still, measuring out his breath into the air so that there would be no noise; but then the girl turned, and the droplets of water still clinging to the fair skin caught the light, glittering like diamonds.

He stood up suddenly, recklessly. And all the little loose stones slid out from under his feet and cascaded off the bigger rocks into the water making little silver splashes. The white boy was on his feet at the same instant facing him, and Robert was staring into a face he knew almost as well as he knew his own.

"Joey!" the girl cried, doubled up grotesquely. "He saw us!"

"Whatcha doin here?" the boy demanded. "Yuh dirty spying black bastid!"

"I ain spying, Joey," Robert said. "I jes come t—"

But the white boy hit him then, hard across the mouth, so that his full lips broke against his teeth, and his tongue was hot and salt with blood taste.

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"Doan hit me, Joey," Robert pleaded. "I ain gonna tell, I swears fo Gawd—"

"Yuh damn right yuh ain't a goin to tell! You won't never git outa here alive!"

Robert's fists came up then, blocking the white boy's blows, riding the punches, ducking under them, bobbing, wheeling, sidestepping. And the girl watching, forgetting to hide her secret body with her hands, whispered to herself, "He seen me! Like this he seen me! God almighty!"

Then, suddenly, all the fear was gone from Robert as though it never was, and he struck out in a fury, hooking Joey's head from left to right to left again. Then he sent his fist whistling into the white boy's stomach, and Joey went down abruptly upon the rocks. The black boy wheeled then and started to run, scrambling across the rocks.

But the girl dived into the bushes where their clothes were and came out with the bottle.

"Here," she cried, "he seen me! Don't let him git away!"

The rocks there were steep, and Robert had to turn and twist. Joey waited until he was scaling the side of one a few yards away; then he ran up close and threw the bottle. It turned over end by end catching the moonlight, gleaming silver. Then it crashed against the side of Robert's head in a bright shower, and afterwards came the blood. His hands clawed briefly against the rock, then he dropped down into the tall grass. The pair approached him, shivering a little in the rising wind.

"Is he daid?"

"Yeah—reckon so. C'mon, git your clo's on. We got to git the hell outa here!"

They went back toward the lake, and afterwards, clearly, came the rustle of garments. Robert lay very still until he could hear their footsteps going down. Then he was up, pressing his hand to his head

where the hot, sticky ooze was slowing, and stumbled blindly up the trail.

In the morning, the sun was hot and golden. Robert lay on the pallet with his head bandaged with clean sheeting. He twisted miserably under his father's eyes.

"Ain'tcha gonna tell me?" Rafe asked gently.

"I done tolle you, Paw," the boy said. "I cain't tell you, I jes cain't!"

The old man went to the doorway and looked out down to where the trail went curving down the mountainside. Above the cabin, the laurel were beginning to whiten, and lower down the dogwood made Spring snow.

"You ain hurt bad," he said. "I jes doan want you in no trouble. You ain in no trouble, is you, son?"

"Naw, Paw," Robert said softly.

"Awright, son, you go to sleep now. I go out an git some stuff to make a poultice."

Robert heard him moving away from the door, his ancient footsteps dragging.

Afterwards it was very still in the cabin. The sun crossed the mountains stretching the shadows out long and cool blue, then shortening them inch by inch until finally there were no shadows at all. Then again there were short shadows starting, this time pointing east, lengthening into evening, the coolness coming down, and the little wind talking.

Old Rafe came back with his hands full of fresh green leaves. They gave off a clean smell. Then he was bending over his son, unwinding the bandage, and pressing the leaves against the torn scalp. Almost at once, Robert could feel the fever leaving. He felt stronger.

The old man stirred up the fire, putting the iron pot over it, tossing in the greens and the hunk of salt pork. After a time it began to simmer, filling the room with a rich, dark smell. Rafe bent over it

stirring rapidly. Then he straightened. From the door had come a hard, clear knocking.

Robert sat bolt upright. His head crashed and throbbed.

"You're here, Rafe?"

"Yassuh, Mr. Walters!" Rafe beamed. "Yassuh!" Then he was flinging his door wide, saying, "Come in, suh! Come right on in!"

"Naw," the white man said, "reckon I'll stay out here. I got somethin to talk over wit you, Rafe."

"Yassuh," Rafe said, and his voice was puzzled. "Yassuh?"

"Thet boy o yourn. Las night he did somethin bad, Rafe, powerful bad."

Rafe's voice was a dry whisper.

"Yassuh," he croaked. "Yassuh?"

"Las night my boy was out walkin with his girl. He says that boy o yourn come outa the bushes an grabbed at her. Say he acted like he were drunk."

"But my boy doan drink, Mr. Walters! He doan never tetch a drop."

"Be better to think he were drunk, Rafe," the white man said quietly.

Rafe's chin was sunk into his chest, and his old form seemed to shrink.

"Yassuh," he quavered.

"Well, my boy beat him off. Had to hit him over the haid with a bottle fore he'd leave. Rafe, you know what'd happen if I was to spread this eroun?"

"Yassuh."

"You been a good nigger, Rafe," the white man said slowly. "Ain't never had no trouble outa you."

"Nawsuh, Mistuh Walters, you sho Lawd ain't!"

"But he got to be punished, Rafe. You got to punish him."

Rafe's voice was loud with relief.

"I punish him awright, Mistuh Walters! I tek the hide offen him!"

The white man looked at Rafe.

"Now, Rafe," he said quietly.

"Right now, suh? He kinda sick—that bottle—"

"Right now, Rafe."

Rafe came back into the cabin. His breath was coming out in thick gasps, and the whites of his eyes showed yellow in his black face. He walked through the house and out on the back porch where the heavy razor strap hung. Then he came back, his eyes glittering.

"Git up!" he roared at the boy. "Go in yo maw's room!"

"Paw—" Robert said. "Paw—"

"Do lak I tells yuh!"

Since she had died, they, neither of them, had disturbed this room. The magnificent brass bed, brought all the way from Atlanta by wagon, still gleamed golden in the sunlight. Then old Rafe was bending the boy over, tying his wrists to the bedstead, lashing them so tight that they hurt. He stepped back then and swung the strap.

"Doan never say nothin to no white man!" he chanted, and the strap came down with a broad clear whack. "Doan you never say nothin," he grunted out, "to no white folks! Never no mo!" And the big strap sang through the air and bit and again and again and once more again until Robert lost all count of them, the blows being blended in one sickening welter of pain that rode in upon his vitals in wave after wave of sickness.

"You gonna do hit eny mo?" the old man cried, bringing down the strap. "You gonna do hit eny mo?"

But something else was rising up in Robert's throat, something black and nameless, rising so thick and hot that gladly, willingly, he would have died there before loosening his bitten lips to utter a word.

His father brought the strap down once more.

"An oun er white gal," he chanted hoarsely, "doan even breathe!"

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But this time the pain had bitten down too deep. The boy opened his mouth wide, the corded muscles of his belly heaved, and he was sick upon the floor. Rafe let the strap fall. Then he fished in his pockets for his knife and cut the boy loose.

"You go lay down," he said harshly. Then he walked through the house to where the white man waited.

"Awright, Rafe," the white man said, "you sure give him a hidin! Stop by my place when you're down that way. Got a couple o little jobs I want you to do."

"Yassuh," Rafe croaked. "Yassuh." Then he sat down on the steps and watched the white man striding off, down the trail. He sat very still, hunched up on the steps, while the dusk deepened into night, and a string of stars trailed out over the mountains.

And after it was dark, the boy came out, dressed, wearing his shoes and his hat. He stopped beside the old man, leaning with his eyes closed against the post, and stretched out his hand. Rafe did not move or speak. Leaning close, Robert could see the slow tears streaking from under the heavy lids. But now, finally, it was too late.

He went past his father without speak-

ing, the little bandana-tied bundle in his hand, and started down the trail to where the trains were, where they snorted to a stop under the water tower, pluming the night with whiteness.

The old man stood up suddenly and called out: "Robert!"

But the boy plunged on unheeding down the dark road, his hard heels making a great clatter on the rocks. And as he went, the moon rode out of a cloud, but still the road was dark, all the roads going down were dark, drenched in night—darkness within darkness—all down the darkened trail.

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The illustration is by Bernadine Custer.

WANTED—A CHARTER FOR THE LEAST PEOPLES

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

HERE are only five thousand of them all together, and in view of all the other demands on our time and energies we simply cannot afford to concern ourselves with their troubles." We were talking about the Hopi Indians of Arizona.

Yet seldom has any people had a stronger claim to goodwill and fair play, as D'Arcy McNickle has pointed out in his "Afternoon on a Rock," in the Spring 1945 issue of **COMMON GROUND**. Peaceful, industrious, intelligent, and unobtrusive, the Hopis have occupied a waste corner of the earth and for many centuries made it yield a living. Their principal town, Oraibi, has been occupied continuously for about 800 years.

Though they did not wage war, yet through at least five or six centuries the Hopis held their own with dignity and self-respect among the Indian tribes, until the American government took charge. Since then, there has been a record of coercion, repression, encroachment, and domination. First came an effort to "Americanize" them. The Hopis had elaborate philosophy, cosmology, and religion, of much beauty and dignity. (A book, *The Hopi Way*, by Laura Thompson and Alice Joseph, just published by the University of Chicago Press, is a study by trained psychologists of the mind and life of this people.) Their social order was communal, based on mutual regard and a sharing of opportunity and of burdens. But this was not "American," so in the past there was effort by the federal government to break up their way of life and

make the Hopis into standard Americans. In this terribly unequal contest the Hopis largely held their own.

Then came encroachment. It was only with the utmost thrift and careful use that their little domain of desert soil had supported the Hopi people through the centuries. Now the Hopi herds became too crowded for proper grazing, for the Navajo Indians were allowed by the government to take over more and more of the Hopi reservation until two-thirds of it was gone. The cattle which could be maintained on the remaining land under the grazing rules were so few as to bring the Hopi families to the verge of starvation.

The Hopis talk of a treaty with the Great Father at Washington to the effect that they would not bear arms against the government, and would not be required to bear arms for it, and some of them refuse to recognize the right of the government to force them into the Army or into C.P.S. camps. There probably is no such recorded treaty. Probably there was only a verbal assurance of an Indian commissioner, easily forgotten in Washington, but held among the Hopis as a valid tradition. Now, when Hopi Indians, pacifists for eight centuries except on one occasion when some of them united with other tribes to drive out the Spaniards, refuse to go to war in a cause they know nothing about, they are thrown into prison. Some have been convicted three times in succession. As soon as a prison term has expired they are arrested and convicted again

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for living by religious principles which carried them successfully through five or six centuries of life among their "savage" neighbors before the "Christian" white man came.

The Hopi Indians are reduced to poverty, discouragement, and near despair. They need friends who will stubbornly and persistently present their case until they can recover their ancient pastures or secure equal facilities, can carry on their own way of life, and are allowed to live in peace.

But who is to give this help? There is no world court for little peoples to which they can appeal for fair play. The government at Washington is judge, jury, guardian, policeman, and interested party, though sometimes too uninterested to act effectively. And, in the vast issues of life today, where is the available time and interest to untangle all the red tape, overcome the special interests, inform the country, and get suitable legislation through Congress? For there are only 5,000 Hopis all together.

It would be good if a little handful of people should take on this problem of the Hopis and see it through to a solution. The world often moves by the solving of specific cases. What we learn in solving one becomes our capital and our precedent in dealing with others. Interest in the Hopis is justified.

But my concern for the Hopi Indians raises a larger question. In the United States and in other countries there are very many small ethnic groups, numbering from a few hundred to a few hundreds of thousands of individuals, who are clinging to their old ways of life, and who do not want to lose their cultural identity.

Any one of these groups may seem too small to command the time and attention necessary to solve its problems by methods now available. Yet in total they amount to

hundreds of thousands of individuals in the United States, and to several millions over the world. In many cases the languages, traditions, and culture of these groups include elements of priceless value, which are now being lost and soon may be beyond recovery.

It is a commonplace of anthropology that the cultural pattern of an ethnic group often is a seamless garment. When it is disrupted there often results great moral, social, and economic disintegration of the group. To preserve a cultural pattern until there has been gradual adjustment to new conditions may save an ethnic group and enable it to make its peculiar contribution to the store of human quality.

Yet human society as yet has devised no orderly ways in which the cultural integrity of such least peoples can be given opportunity for survival, or in which they can be insured protection and fair play. Both in the interests of the members of these groups and in the interest of society as a whole we very much need a well-matured social philosophy for dealing with small ethnic groups.

One of the great trends of civilization is from special to general legislation. In older societies, and still in some of our backward states, special laws are passed for the benefit of single persons, or for special groups of persons. For instance, special pension bills for persons who had influence enough to secure them have long constituted a dark spot in our national legislation. Against that custom is the trend to outlawing special legislation in favor of general laws which insure even-handed treatment for everyone in similar circumstances.

Do we not need, perhaps on a small scale for the United States and on a larger scale in world government, a sort of world court for little peoples, and a code or charter for administering justice in such a

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court? Just as a humble citizen is not required to undertake a campaign to arouse public interest in order to have a wrong redressed, but usually can have a hearing in an orderly court according to principles defined in a legal code, so little peoples should not be dependent on public campaigns to arouse interest which will lead to special action. There should be tribunals to which the humblest of them could go for hearings and for remedial action in accordance with established principles of goodwill and fair play.

Such codes and courts seldom spring suddenly into maturity, but generally at their best are the outcome of a process of development. The ground will have to be prepared, a policy and a philosophy must be developed. How can this be achieved?

Why not a Small-Ethnic-Groups Society, to develop a philosophy and to define national policy toward small ethnic groups in the United States, and indirectly help formulate such philosophy and policy for international application? Such a Small-Ethnic-Groups Society might make a thorough and critical study of the actual status of such groups over the world, of the significance of their ethnic and cultural structure, of their reasonable claims to consideration, and of desirable policy to be followed with reference to them. Such a study should be free from romanticism and wishful thinking, and should face the realities of the world of today and tomorrow. On the other hand, it should be guided by imagination and insight. Its leaders should realize that in many cases the form of cultural and economic association practiced by these small groups may be excellent types for modern social action. Many centuries having been spent in developing and evolving vital and effective ways of economic and social

life, the preservation of these until they can make their full contribution to human society is important.

Several nations already have policies, either fully matured or in process of development, for dealing with small ethnic groups. Sweden has a policy toward the Laplanders, New Zealand has a policy for the Maoris, Russia has Eskimos and others, Britain has small ethnic groups over a far-flung empire, our own Indian Service has been evolving its Indian policy, and Canada has more or less definite policy toward Indians and Eskimos. Mexico has numerous small ethnic groups for which she has been working out a policy. Yet for the most part these policies are immature.

In the long run humanity suffers most, not from lack of power to enforce the common will, but from lack of great and fine patterns to be the guides to action. There is now no overall adequate philosophy or policy for dealing with small ethnic groups. A little tribe of 5,000 American Hopi Indians may seem too small to claim long-time interest. Yet in the interests of hundreds of thousands of such groups over the world a number of able men would be justified in making the formulation of policy for small ethnic groups their life work. The Hopi tribe would be a good place to begin.

Dr. Arthur E. Morgan is former president of Antioch College and headed the TVA from 1933 to 1938. His interest in promoting the small American community as the basic unit of American life led to his establishment of Community Service, Inc., with headquarters at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

IN AMERICA YOU SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

WALLACE STEGNER

I FOUND out about the hospitality of Filipinos by trying to take a group of them to dinner. Five of the group from the American Philippine Foundation in Stockton, California—America's "Little Manila"—accepted with alacrity. There were a labor contractor, a bazaar-keeper and his wife, a Southern California graduate in anthropology, and a Columbia graduate in economics. When they wanted to know whether I wanted to eat American, Chinese, or Filipino, I naturally chose Filipino. They chose the restaurant.

It was a small place with a counter and booths, run by a Filipino, his Finnish wife, and their pretty mestiza daughter. Knowing nothing of Filipino food, I asked the group to order for me. But while we waited for the food, I suggested a drink. Sure, they said, they would love a drink. The wife of the bazaar-keeper rose and started to get a bottle, because the restaurant had no bar.

I tried to make her let me go for it, and, failing that, tried to give her a five dollar bill. She slipped out with a shake of the head and a miraculous, winning Filipino smile, to come back shortly with a bottle of Vat 69. Again I tried to give her the bill.

They all protested at once. "You're our guest," they said.

"But I asked you to dinner," I said, "and I suggested the drink."

"But you are in Stockton," said the economist from Columbia, "and Stockton is our town."

That, I thought, was graceful of them.

But I had been asking them questions and using up their time all afternoon, and I did want to take them to dinner. So I whispered to the mestiza that under no circumstances was the check to be given to anyone but me. Then I approached the Filipino dinner.

There was about a bucketful of rice apiece, and a tableful of assorted bowls and platters served like Chinese food for everyone to dip from. The cookery was clearly derivative of Chinese cookery, with an indefinable mixture of Spanish. My plate was heaped with rice, vegetables in sauce, roast pork, an egg dish that hung uncertainly between a Spanish omelet and an egg foo yung, another that looked and tasted like a cross between a Mexican *arroz con pollo* and a Chinese chicken-meat-white-vegetable. All of it was good, and it was more than plentiful. When I had just about cleared the gargantuan plate, they filled it up again, and just as I was getting hopeful of finishing that they ladled out more. I remembered reading of Chinese banquets that went on for six hours and wondered if that custom had been borrowed by Filipinos along with the cookery.

All my companions were small people, and none was fat. Yet long after I was gorged and unable to move, with half my bucketful of rice untouched, they were nibbling tidbits, sampling a bit of spare rib, a small slice of pork, a spoonful of rich gravy on an extra helping of rice.

They were worried that I did not eat more, that I might not be enjoying Fili-

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pino food. They pressed tasty trifles on me, threatened my three-times-cleaned plate with further helpings. When I finally convinced them that I liked the food very much, that I had eaten barrels of it, that I had stopped only from inability to eat more, their concern dissolved in good humor and much laughter. The economist, a slight, engaging young man with the merest trace of a clipped accent, summed up the situation for me.

"In America," he said, "you say it with flowers. In P'ilippines, we say it with fud."

I believed him.

Toward the end of the meal, while I was jadedly toying with an almond cookie, a field laborer came in and spoke to the anthropologist in swift dialect, probably Tagalog, though it could have been any of the dozen or more Island dialects. It was a language, at any rate, in which the syllables were as distinct and separate as grains of dry rice in a bowl, and just as numerous. When the stranger left, with a wide grin and a wide motion of his arms as if he were embracing us all, the anthropologist asked if I'd like to go to a party at one of the celery camps on the delta. We had all just been invited.

Nothing, I said, would please me more. But I would have to make a telephone call first. And when I came back from the booth, the pretty mestiza was just giving the economist his change on the dinner check.

"But it's mine!" I said. "I asked you all. This is on me."

"Anyone who visits us in our town is our guest," the bazaar-keeper said.

I had been neatly out-maneuvered, and betrayed by the girl to boot. But when I cast a reproachful look at her, all I got was an utterly captivating smile.

So now we were on our way to the party, driving across the flat, monotonous, incredibly fertile stretches of the San

Joaquin delta. The light was almost gone, so that the endless vineyards, the endless tomato and celery fields with boxes piled at the row-ends, the endless asparagus fields now long gone to straggly fern, merged in gray dusk before we reached the camp. The Filipinos sang all the way, native songs, Spanish songs, crooner songs. I preferred the Spanish and Filipino singing; they gave the crooner songs so much of the juke-box groan technique that I was reminded too much of my own digestive problems.

Two Filipinos, the hosts apparently, steered us into a parking place and led us toward the cookhouse. But one of them said something at the door, crooked a finger at me, and led me on around the cookhouse. Behind the bathhouse, with its fire burning alarmingly under the floor, was a pit of coals, over which were two suspended poles, and on each a golden-brown, crackling-crisp suckling pig. The red glow lighted the browned skin, and glinted in the eyes of the Filipino who squatted at the far end. As he turned the poles, the dripping fat hissed and popped in the pit.

"This is all strictly orthodox for a feast or a party," the anthropologist said. "Come on inside."

The hosts hustled us all to the front, held wide the screen door, shouted our names to the two dozen people seated at a long table and around the walls. Some rose and bowed; others lifted their plates in greeting. A little dazed, I followed the anthropologist and economist along a kind of serving table against the south wall. It was about twenty feet long, and there was not a square foot of it unoccupied with food or drink. There were platters of brown ribs and slices of meat. "Roast goat," said the economist, aside. There were two great platters of omelet, a great tub of rice, gallon jugs of California burgundy, pitchers full of knives and forks,

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skyscrapers of plates, battalions of glasses. And, at the far end, a Filipino in a white apron was carving a third roast pig with a big triangular knife. He held up a slice on the point of the knife and waved it at me, grinning.

One of the hosts grabbed a plate and put it in my hands. I shook my head and tried to give it back to him, explaining that I had just got up from a very large dinner. He waved my objections away. Some one nudged me. It was the economist. "In P'ilippines," he said, "we say it with *fuud*." He was grinning from ear to ear. In a kind of glazed desperation I let my plate be heaped, staggered to the table, sat down, and ate a second enormous meal on top of the first.

That was a very good party. I had never been among people with such a fund of natural gaiety, such a faculty for laughter, such solicitude for a guest, such enjoyment of the rites of hospitality. People came up to watch me eat, and share in my enjoyment of the delectable pig. Men starting to take a glass of burgundy would notice across the room that my glass was empty, come over with a jug, pour my glass full, and stand to clink glasses with me before they drank. The three women who were cooking and washing dishes in the kitchen were constantly coming to the door with dishtowels in their hands, to stand and watch with broad smiles the fun other people were having.

And all the time I was enjoying that hospitality, and for the week thereafter during which I continued to enjoy it, I was constantly reminded of the sour contrast between this open-handed friendliness and the treatment which Filipinos have received in America ever since they began coming in the '20s. Masters of hospitality themselves, they have received no welcome and enjoyed no hospitality from America.

In the Philippines, and in Filipino communities in America, they say it with food, but in America we have not said it with flowers. We have said it, for the Filipinos, with dislike, suspicion, and restrictive laws. We have said it with the label of "un-naturalizable alien" which we put on the Filipino immigrant in spite of his allegiance to the flag of the United States. We have said it with alien land laws that prevent Filipinos from owning farm land, or leasing it for more than a brief period, in most of the western states. We have said it with laws against issuing marriage licenses to Filipinos who wish to marry Caucasian women, and with similar laws forbidding the performance of a marriage ceremony for such a mixed couple. We have said it with signs on hotels, saying "Positively No Filipinos Allowed." (There is at least one such hotel in Stockton itself.) We have said it with the refusal to serve Filipinos in some cafes and restaurants. We have said it with a whole collection of uncomplimentary and stereotyped beliefs about the Filipino people, and with the kind of exclusionist conspiracy which, especially in California where more than two-thirds of our Filipinos live, prevents them from participating in the society on whose fringe they live. We have said it with an immigration quota of fifty per year, a quota which is an arbitrary and insulting compromise between exclusion and equality with other races and nationalities. Since the Philippines Independence Act of 1934, which established both the ridiculous quota and the principle of Filipino "undesirability," Filipinos have been in an impossible position, neither citizens nor quite aliens, neither admissible nor quite excluded.

The ways in which America has expressed its hospitality to the Filipinos have affected these "Pinoy" in various ways. Unable to own land, they are chained to migrant wage-labor, which is extremely

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profitable during the war, but which in normal times is not. Without women of their own race to marry (men outnumber women fourteen to one among Filipino Americans) they have a choice between marrying Mexican and Negro women, marrying white women by going to New Mexico where there is no miscegenation statute, or remaining permanent and unwilling bachelors. None of these solutions is adequate to take care of more than forty thousand men of marriageable age. Most have not married, and as a consequence the stability of home life has not developed among them, except in Stockton where the year-round nature of the crops and the presence of most of the Filipino women in the United States have allowed a settled community to grow up. Home for most of the Pinoy, however, is a hotel room, a boxcar, or a bunkhouse, and no place is likely to be home longer than any single crop lasts.

Since General MacArthur's re-invasion of the Philippines, I have seen letters in many California papers from local service men who have discovered the friendliness, warmth, and hospitality of the Filipino people. Nobody could find fault with these letters, or with the spirit in which they are written or published. May they multiply. But it is sad that California boys should have to go to the Islands to make those discoveries, when there have been Filipinos scattered over their own state for more than twenty years.

It is sad too that though almost everybody in America admires the courage, loyalty, and tenacity of the Filipino resistance to Japan, and though the friendship between America and the Philippines is closer, probably, than it has ever been, we should still cling to the laws which prevent the Filipinos in America from becoming citizens, owning farm land, marrying whom they please, or moving

freely in society and in the economic world.

According to the Philippines Independence Act of 1934, the Islands are due to become independent on or before July 4, 1946. What the war has done to that prospect remains to be seen. The New York Daily News has already suggested making the Philippines the forty-ninth state (presumably the Filipinos would be delighted) instead of granting the promised independence. There will undoubtedly be other suggestions, grounded in the fact that American bases in the Philippines appear to some to be essential for security in the Pacific.

But whether the Islands become an independent republic or decide, on invitation, to join the United States, there is an immediate and serious need for revising our domestic attitude and our domestic restrictions against the Filipino people, and the direction of that revision is so clear I am unable to understand why it has not been taken before now.

One act of Congress would clear up two-thirds of all the Filipino troubles in America, and there is already a precedent for that act. The revocation of the Chinese Exclusion Act, which from 1882 to 1943 was a constant irritation in our relations with China and a constant humiliation to the Chinese people and Chinese Americans, marked a turning point in our attitude toward Oriental immigration. Without altering in any important way the population of the United States, it removes the stigma from a great people, strengthens our war-forged bond with China, and moves us closer to peace with the Orient. The obvious next step is an act placing Filipinos on a normal quota, removing the bars to their naturalization, and permitting them the full rights of citizenship we have extended to most other immigrants.

They have earned that kind of recog-

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nition, and the Philippines have earned recognition as a steadfast and gallant ally. Though I do not have the official figures, about 13,000—almost a third of all the Filipinos in America—are in the armed services. The bulk of the others are in essential agriculture, doing a skilled and important job. Many of the Filipino students in this country offered their services to the OWI immediately after Pearl Harbor, and for over three years have been broadcasting information, news, and hope to the embattled Islands in ten native dialects, besides Spanish and English. The importance of those programs to the guerrilla bands and to the Filipino civilians who never lost hope through three years of Japanese occupation can hardly be overestimated.

The whole conduct of the Filipinos, in the Islands and in the United States, during the war has been admirable. They have much to contribute to this country, and

they can contribute more as citizens and equals than as menials and migrant wage slaves of an "inferior" caste. One thing they could certainly teach us is the art of hospitality. It is time we in America started saying it with flowers.

Wallace Stegner, novelist and short story writer, is the author of *Remembering Laughter* and *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*. He is now the West Coast editorial representative for Houghton Mifflin, and Acting Professor of English at Stanford University. His *One Nation*, written with the collaboration of the editors of *Look Magazine*, is the Houghton Mifflin *Life-in-America* winner this year and will be published in the Fall. In pictures and text, this book deals with eight of the American "minority" groups which feel most strongly the sting of prejudice.

FOR FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

PAULI MURRAY

A lone man stood on the glory road,
Peered through the shadows,
Made sure he was alone—at last,
Then drank a new-found solitude,
Drank long and deep of the vast
Breath of lilacs and honeysuckle.

He stumbled a pace,
Groped about in the April twilight
As one who feels his legs beneath him
For the first time,
Tests them on solid earth
And finds them worthy of a good sprint.

FOR FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

The man laughed, a golden laughter,
Rich and deep as a Georgia sunset,
Lifted a foot and kicked a pebble,
Shouted and sang, danced up and down,
As do all free things
Finding themselves free.

His shoulders spread like an eagle's wing
Freed from some killing weight, and so
Putting one foot down before the other
He strode with a whistling gait.

And then his face, miracle of light,
Gay and soft as a child's
Retrieving a beloved toy,
Turned toward the going sun,
Turned to the hills and the long road upward.

It is such a common thing to see
A man walking a road in Georgia twilight,
But if you had been watching
Or held your ear to the ground long enough,
You would have known this man
Walked as few had done before him.

There was the sound of marching in his step—
A world marching,
There was the patter of children's feet,
There was earth music, a million-voiced hymn,
And a great prayer thrust up in many tongues,
A small dog's barking, a small lad's tears,
And the silence of a world aged with grief.

Oh, bare your breast to the grindstone, brothers,
Let the heart's filings fill this crack in time,
For a lone man walks on the glory road,
Waits for the final gun,
The last exploding cannon,
When a man can walk in Georgia twilight,
Shouting as all free things do
Finding themselves free.

Pauli Murray will be remembered as the author of "An American Credo" in the Winter 1945 issue of CG.

WEATHER REPORT

EVE MERRIAM

IT WAS a mean, sniveling sort of day, the kind you get this time of year only in the Carolinas. Or so it seemed to the two soldiers who had each been sent recently from a New York induction center down to Wilmington. Yet, though they came from the same civilian background and were now both stationed at Camp Davis, and even their rank was identical (technical corporals), they didn't know each other. Nor, waiting now for the same bus, did they speak to one another. Perhaps because of the monotonous regularity of their uniform lives, soldiers try to protect what little privacy they can get. There is a fierce loyalty to one's own platoon and company, but it seldom spreads beyond that. And in their hatred of regimentation they can even be hostile to one another. So these two stood there on the corner, each retreating into his own mental foxhole.

"Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina," one of them whistled mirthlessly to himself, watching for the bus that would take him back to the post. He didn't like any part of the countryside: the shriveled pine trees around camp, this hard sucked-in little town: it all looked the way he imagined Europe would be like if and when he ever got sent overseas. Only there hadn't been any bombing or battlefields here, no hint of war. And so no liberation, he thought. Even the sun in North Carolina felt unhealthful. Casting a sickly light, it seemed to corrode instead of cure.

Today there was no sun at all. The

other soldier looked up at the sky that was growling and sullen like a miser's dog. He hoped the bus would come along quickly before the storm broke. He paced the corner worriedly, kicking at the "Bus Stop" sign. Dust from his heavy GI shoes filtered off; he was surprised to see it, for he was so aware of the coming cloudburst he felt as though his boots must be water-soaked already. Being in the Army, especially down here, was bad enough. On rainy days it was worst of all.

By the time the bus finally drew up, there were several other people waiting with them. A tall gaunt farmer, methodically chewing tobacco. The first soldier didn't like the set of his mouth—it was too tight. Next to the farmer was a fat woman with four children. As they giggled and darted at each other, the way children will, the mother would take a poke at one or the other of them, as if they were flies and her broad hand was the flyswatter. Then there was an officer in an expensive tailor-made uniform, wearing gold-rimmed glasses. The oak leaf on his collar looked sharp enough to prick your finger on.

The woman settled herself in the front of the bus and smacked the children into as near quiet as she could. The farmer sat opposite, on the left, and laid his burlap bag of produce across the rest of the seat. The Major sat down next, immediately propped open a newspaper, shut himself off from everything except the sporting page. He was a short slightly built man, the Major, and, unathletic himself, de-

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rived great vicarious enjoyment from prize-fights, football, and particularly baseball.

Then the first soldier got on, sprawled wearily into a vacant place, leaned on his elbow, and closed his eyes instantly. Soldiers are always tired, no matter what the hour of day. Next the other enlisted man stepped inside the bus and flopped down beside the first soldier. In a moment his head, too, was nodding, nearly asleep. He sat so close to the other soldier that their identical corporal's stripes seemed almost to merge into a double V. Yet, despite the proximity, they had nothing to do with each other.

The officer remained absorbed with his paper. The woman was busy shooing her kids out of the aisle, and the farmer spat a stream of tobacco juice expertly out the window. The driver started to shift gears to drive off. Then suddenly the back of his neck flamed to lobster red. He honked the horn indignantly; both soldiers were startled into attention; even the children sat statue-still. The driver gestured at the soldier nearest the aisle, the one who was a Negro. And, as if on cue, the clouds burst; the first thick drops began to splash unpleasantly down.

Both soldiers immediately looked out at the rain. It was as though they had momentarily forgotten where they were, and their thoughts were on the muddy drill field waiting for them at camp, the uncomfortable chow line later with the dark wet drops oozing into their green fatigues.

"Hey!" The driver honked again, and pointed to the soldier on the aisle. "Can't sit there!"

As though mesmerized by the rain, the two enlisted men continued to stare out the window; as if once they had started their identical pattern of thought they had to continue it: after the chow line, dipping their greasy messkits into the first barrel of boiling water, then the second one, then the final rinsing, and all the

time the rain would be splattering around, muddyng their shoes, staining their sweaty leggings. Instead of going to the PX or the Service Club, the evening would have to be spent polishing caked boots for tomorrow's inspection, scrubbing out their spotted leggings that wouldn't dry if the rain lasted all night—that would have to be put on damp and disagreeable-feeling when the reveille cannon boomed. Silently, they both cursed the rain with quick unmeaning swear words.

The driver turned to the others. But the woman with the children and the farmer were gazing out at the rain too, as if the soldiers had somehow given the weather a new special meaning, as though the farmer now had more concern than just for his crops, as though the rain meant more to the woman from this day forward than just having the children underfoot in the house. The officer was still engrossed with his sporting page; rain could not halt the big league baseball game he was playing.

This indifference enraged the driver. He slid out from behind the big steering wheel, walked directly over to the soldier nearest the aisle. "Can't sit here, black boy," he said in loud poster tones. Still, neither soldier looked at him or even seemed to hear. Yet it wasn't that they were sleepy anymore; they were both quite wide awake, only watching the rain bear down harder every minute like an old line sergeant's commands. Rain makes soldiers even more homesick than the nostalgia of nightfall.

Exasperated, the driver walked over to the farmer. "He can't sit there!" The farmer went on chewing tobacco. "You know he can't sit there!" The driver was almost pleading with him.

The farmer spat out another chaw, then closed the window—the rain was beginning to seep into the bus. "Why." He

spoke it not as a question, but a quiet sighing fact, like why is the market price for my peanuts always too low and when I go to buy something why is it always too high.

"Why?" The driver's neck flamed. "Why?" he repeated. "Because he can't, that's why!"

The farmer put a fresh piece of tobacco into his mouth, chewed the driver's answer over and over.

Meanwhile the fat woman was having trouble closing the window on her side. The driver obligingly yanked it down for her, then said confidentially, "You know he can't go on sittin' there, don't you?"

She mopped the rain from the windowsill, wrinkled her nose in disgust at the dirtmarks it left on her handkerchief.

"You know why, don't you?" the driver begged her. She spread the handkerchief against the seat, tried to rub off some of the dirt.

"Why?" the oldest child said suddenly. "Why?" The next one took it up. "Why? Why? Why? Why?" Soon all four were yelling it as a game. The woman reached out her hand automatically to smack them. They chanted it over and over: "Why? Why? Why?" buzzing the word like darting insects. She could have caught them easily, yet her flyswatter hand stayed silent.

"If he don't get out a that seat, time I count three, goin' to call the cop." The driver projected his voice, more for the Major's benefit than anyone else's. He wished the officer would hurry and help him out, but he was still hidden behind the newspaper. He could not appeal to him directly; the gold leaf was too remote. "One," the driver began. "Two," he said slowly—he really didn't want any trouble—then at the word "three" there was a sudden thunder-clap. The sound reassured him. It was like the brassy tone of his horn; it gave him new confidence. He went to call the cop.

In a few minutes he was back, his dark blue shirt soaked through. "Now you'll see why!" He led the way for the policeman who lumbered into the bus, rubber cape glistening with the wet drops that shone hard and cold.

"What's goin' on here?" the cop demanded. There was another thunder peal, and he had to shout to make himself heard. "What the hell's goin' on here?" He brought down his nightstick on the steering wheel to emphasize his words; it was like a Wagnerian baton.

The Major put down his paper.

"Beggin' your pardon for the language, Colonel." The policeman's club wagged deferentially at him. The Major waved back, excusing the swearing, retreated into his paper again. He was a slightly prissy man, the Major, though he went out of his way to be one of the boys. Inter-office memos and the other absorptions of his desk job were what he was most at home with: he never could get used to the untidiness and disorder of human beings.

The policeman moyed down the aisle, tapped the colored soldier on the arm, swung his club meaningfully. As if on the same pivot, both soldiers turned their gaze away from the window for the first time and stared at the mammoth rubber cape with the glistening drops hanging from it like spittle.

Then the white soldier turned back to watching the rain again, but the colored soldier couldn't take his eyes off the cape. He was afraid if he did it would smother him, it must surely smother him anyway, for it was lifting him up, huge, monstrous, it was blocking out the bus entirely, blocking out the world.

The children across the aisle began to whimper; their mother sheltered them in her ample lap. The farmer forgot to chew on his tobacco wad; it stayed frozen under his tongue. The bus driver stood behind the policeman's protective cape; he hoped

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there would be a loud thunder clap when the nightstick cracked down. The Major was still behind his screen of newspaper.

Then, just as the club started to swing, the Major spoke. In his nervousness, his voice came out shrill and high as a girl's. "Where's your brassard?" he asked.

The policeman was so startled both at the odd word and the tone of voice that he held his club motionless. "What?" he asked in a dazed tone. "What's that, Colonel?"

The Major cleared his throat; his voice was more normal this time. "Your brassard—your blue felt armband with the white letters MP on it. Should be worn around the left sleeve, above the elbow."

The policeman looked startled, turned to the bus driver. "He's a regular cop"—the driver avoided his eyes and fixed on a point directly above the Major—"he's a real regular cop. What more you want?"

"Because if you're not an MP," the Major said in a disinterested tone, as if quoting from a manual, "then you have no right to be here. Only a military policeman has jurisdiction over a soldier's conduct."

The word *jurisdiction* leaped out of the Major's sentence, hung between the policeman and the bus driver like a bridge that had not been blown up by the retreating enemy; there might be sticks of dynamite hidden under the girders; the abandoned jeep stalled in the middle might be a booby trap.

"And if you are an MP," the Major's voice went on, "then you're obviously not

in your proper uniform, and I shall have to report you to your superior officer."

The policeman glared at the bus driver. "Let me out of this bug house." He pushed him rudely aside and clumped down the steps.

The colored soldier stood trembling after he left, hesitating in the aisle. "As you were." The Major nodded curtly for him to sit down. Still the soldier hesitated, looked doubtfully toward the rear of the bus. "As you were," the Major repeated harshly, and the soldier obediently sat down in the same seat as before.

As the bus started at last, the fat woman watched the policeman splash through a puddle on his way back to his regular beat. The children were making a new game out of tracing the rivulets on the window-pane. The farmer began to chew his tobacco again with gusto, and the Major returned to his baseball—he was up to the ninth inning.

The driver's red neck cooled to a pallid pink as the rain swept a fresh breeze through the bus. The windshield wiper clicked steadily like a newly-oiled clock. The two soldiers, side by side, watched the rain increase. It was only a short run to camp, and it would feel good to be snug and dry in the barracks.

Eve Merriam is a young New York writer whose poetry and prose have appeared in a wide range of publications, such as *Harpers*, *the Atlantic*, *the New Republic*, *Story*, and *Poetry*.

SILKVILLE—COLONY OF DREAMS

GRACE CABLE KEROHER

THE United States, too, has had its experiments in communal living. Across the country are to be found the monuments to these enterprises of great hopes and unbounded ambitions.

Tucked away on a graveled country lane in the limestone-studded hills of eastern Kansas stands a monument to Ernest de Bossiere's colony of grand dreams. Woven into the thick shroud that now cloaks the colony is a glittering title of French nobility, somber tragedies of the Napoleonic revolution, and reverberations of the Civil War in the South. Here, appreciation of the beautiful built a magnificent stone chateau that towered four stories above the prairie. Business ability that bordered on rare genius produced a thriving silk industry which wrung praise even from Japanese silk experts. Philanthropic interest led finally to a generous bequest which brought in its wake a trail of bitterness and contention and cluttered the Kansas courts for more than twenty years. All these are linked with a unique attempt to plant a new social order on the prairie sod.

The warm spring sun of 1880 splashed down on the green tumbling hills of the Kansas countryside. Leaning heavily on his stout cane, Ernest de Bossiere stood on the steps of the elegant stone Chateau Belle Kansas and mopped his forehead. His piercing dark eyes, deep-set beneath shaggy brows, quickly scanned the scene before him. He smiled in satisfaction. Here, completely surrounding him and as

far as his eye could see, was the realization of a treasured dream.

A short decade ago these four thousand acres had been only a rolling stretch of raw prairie. Now, walled in by miles of rambling stone fence, they were quilted with fields and trees. Leafy vineyards, silver-gray in the sunlight, climbed the sloping hillsides. Young orchards swelled with a promise of fruit to come. Thousands of mulberry trees—a forest stretching away into the sun-filled distance—burst with tender succulent leaves, toothsome food for greedy silkworms. Cattle, sleek and fat, grazed in the green grass of the broad pastures or ambled to the ponds for water. Here, amidst nature's verdant blessings, was life at its communal best.

A soft south wind stirred, warm and fragrant, bearing with it the rich aroma of freshly plowed earth. As he stood there, like an ancient patriarchal chief, his snowy beard falling in a luxuriant cascade down his chest, de Bossiere's thoughts flickered back across the crowded years that had culminated in the successful achievement before him.

Scion of an aristocratic French family whose seal and coat of arms was established in the 13th century, he was born in a period of social unrest and national glory. The world resounded with the name of Napoleon who, step by step, had climbed to the level of kings. Never had the empire appeared so great nor its future so brilliant as when Napoleon, hoping to prolong the dynasty, divorced Josephine

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because she had no child and married an Austrian archduchess. Yet, reared in luxury at the imposing Chateau de Certes, his ancestral demesne on the seashore southwest of Bordeaux, young de Bossiere lived ahead of the times. Serious and sober, his brilliant mind was a ferment of strange ideas and philosophies. Student of Voltaire, he steeped himself in the new theories of socialism. Early in life he determined to devote his activities in the fullest measure to the common weal. Unlike most young men of his social class who were content to live the lives of diletante—dining, wining, dancing, squandering their inheritances in wanton extravagance—de Bossiere quarried out a career for himself in engineering. Graduated with high honors from the Polytechnical School in Paris, he was commissioned in the French Army where he distinguished himself as an engineer.

Several years later de Bossiere resigned his army post to assume charge of his large estate. Here his initiative, imagination, and his limitless energy had such full play that the middle of the century saw him one of the wealthiest men in France. By the erection of sea walls he successfully reclaimed nearly 7,000 acres of wasteland. On these reclaimed lowlands he set out thousands of pine trees. Later, pitch and turpentine from the trees netted him a fortune.

By a clever innovation he made the sea walls serve a dual purpose—they did more than exclude the inrolling tide. Traps built in the walls played upon the returning sea currents, and a novel method of fishing was instigated. Philanthropic interest in the laboring classes led him to put his property at the disposal of the coast fishermen when, as often happened, the weather prevented for long periods fishing in the open sea. The de Bossiere fisheries frequently furnished the city of Bordeaux with its entire fish supply.

Broad-minded and deeply patriotic, de Bossiere worked indefatigably for the establishment of the French Republic. When the conduct of Louis Napoleon pointed to the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of an empire, the young nobleman allied himself with the radical wing of the Republican party. In this movement he associated himself with Victor Hugo, General Changarnier, and others, taking an active part in their unsuccessful attempts to thwart the plans of Napoleon. When Louis Napoleon, by his clever coup d'etat, seized control of the government, abolished the Republic, and proclaimed the Empire, de Bossiere was deeply and profoundly disturbed. So openly did he express himself against the dictatorship of Napoleon III that he was given to understand he must "go abroad for his health." Hastily he fled to America, settling in New Orleans, which place he may have chosen because of its large French-speaking population.

In New Orleans he purchased a line of merchant ships and operated them successfully until the time of the Civil War when he moved his residence to the North. After the close of the war he returned to New Orleans and reopened his business.

Generous and benevolent, he began looking about for opportunities to help the needy. A group of well-meaning women connected with the Freedmans Aid Society was working to establish a home and industrial school for orphaned Negro children. Having heard of de Bossiere's philanthropic interests, they called upon him and explained their need. He listened to them kindly, praised their efforts, and donated lavishly to the project.

Grateful for his generous check, the ladies circulated the news of their success over the city. In a day or two the gift of the Frenchman, together with the views he held, became the talk of New Orleans. Prominent citizens had no objection to his

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spending his money. But they did object to his spending it on Negroes. They resented such "coddling" of their servants. Ostracism, not appreciation, followed his kind deed. Stung by the unfairness of such treatment, de Bossiere quickly closed his business affairs in New Orleans. He would hunt another location where his views would be accepted. On the rolling prairies of Kansas—prairies that had but recently dripped with the hatreds of a nation at war with itself for freedom—he believed social lines would not be drawn too closely.

Young Kansas had joyously accepted the blessings of national peace. Eagerly, vigorously, she pursued the peaceful arts—plowed her fields, built her towns, founded her schools, extended her railroads. Over her seemingly endless prairies hovered a strength-giving mantle of toleration, understanding, and freedom. Here de Bossiere sowed the seeds of his communal order.

Education and environment had molded de Bossiere into a strange anomaly—a realist who at the same time was a great idealist. Realism made him a financial wizard. Idealism forced him to surrender the advantages realism had won for him. Visionary though he was, he remained intensely practical. Coupled with his sincere belief in communism was his doubt in the ability of men to make it succeed without paternalistic backing. He therefore concocted a unique scheme, a combination of autocratic and communistic rule, backed by capitalism yet dedicated to communal ownership.

Late in 1869 de Bossiere purchased nearly four thousand acres of Kansas farm land and organized the Prairie Home Associations and Corporations to operate the property. This was, in short, a capitalistic holding company for a communal enterprise. Published at Canton, Ohio, a prospectus described the plans for the commu-

nity. All members of the colony were to dwell under one roof in a "combined household." Work was to be carried on communally and all pay was to be in proportion to production. Labor was to be rewarded in such a manner as to "divest it of all repugnance." Memberships in the Home Association sold for two hundred dollars each. With each membership went de Bossiere's personal guarantee of "education and sustenance indulged with the largest liberty."

Enthusiastic colonists, most of them recruited in France, flowed in. Men with families, men without families—altogether more than one hundred persons joined de Bossiere in his enterprise.

Assuming his role of domineering though benevolent chief, de Bossiere mapped out an extensive program of buildings and improvements, designed to make his colony self-sufficient. Prairie Home became a hive of industry. A corps of workers broke the heavy sod and planted huge fields to wheat and corn. Others set acres and acres of the sloping hills to vineyards, orchard trees, and forests. There was a potential fortune in the black walnut trees alone. De Bossiere personally supervised the planting of a seventy-acre mulberry forest. Seed for these trees he imported from his estate on the seashore of France. A dozen artificial lakes punctuated the rolling pastures and provided water for hundreds of head of stock. In winter these lakes furnished ice to be stored for summer use.

Under de Bossiere's well integrated scheme of division of labor, the building program clipped along with amazing speed. Using native stone quarried from the ledges outcropping on the hillsides, craftsmen erected the utilitarian buildings—barns and stables for the livestock, granaries for the storage of feed, a cheese factory, an ice house, a "silk house." Two churches, a schoolhouse, a lodge hall stood

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ready to minister to the spiritual, mental, and emotional welfare of the society. A fence—fifteen miles of stone fence and ten miles of wire fence—not only walled in the Frenchmen but added a tang of mystery to the whole community.

Spacious, magnificent, spectacular because of its novelty on the prairie, Chateau Belle Kansas dominated the scene.

2,500 volumes of the best the world offered.

De Bossiere threw himself energetically into special research on his silkworm project. The first worms, brought from New Orleans, failed to meet his critical tests. Eggs were brought from California, eggs were imported from France, but still the worms failed to meet the high standard



Designed by de Bossiere after the plan of the celebrated Familistore of M. Godimair of Guise, France, the great Chateau served as the community dwelling. Built of native limestone, parallelogram in form, seventy-three feet broad by three hundred feet long, with a central covered court, it contained sixty rooms. Every thought for the comforts and graciousness of living had gone into its planning. There were commodious parlors for entertaining, community dining rooms for social gatherings, family apartments for privacy, a library for reading and study, and even an elevator for added convenience. Broad, well-informed, and equally at home in Latin, French, German, and English, de Bossiere's tastes in literature were catholic. He stocked the library with more than

demanded of them. In 1873 de Bossiere sent to Japan for extra select silkworm eggs from silkworms with the finest pedigrees. By 1875 each succeeding generation of worms showed a marked improvement over the first generation hatched from the eggs imported from Japan. When in 1876, de Bossiere exhibited his products at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, Japanese silk experts pronounced the worms and the cocoons grown in Kansas better than the finest offerings of France and Japan.

De Bossiere was jubilant. Here was an indisputable demonstration that healthy silkworms could be raised successfully in the brisk dry air of Kansas. Climaxing this successful demonstration, was the remarkably rapid growth of the mulberry forest.

Silkville, as the colony had become known, headed straight for the Utopia its planner dreamed for it. Mulberry leaves grew lush and toothsome. Squads of workmen pruned the trees and carted the leaves to the "silk house" which hummed with activity. On long tables boxed around the sides of the "cocoon room," millions of silkworms noisily devoured tons of mulberry leaves, waxed sleek and fat, and spun flossy cocoons. Dark-eyed French girls patiently reeled the silk. In the "loom room," silk weavers from France wove the fine thread into yards and yards of ribbon and velvet.

The whistle of the train as it chuffed to a clanging halt at the Silkville siding broke de Bossiere's reverie. He drew himself up straight, pulled his hat low over his eyes, smoothed his neat dark coat, and stumped sturdily down the stone steps to begin his daily tour of inspection. His sharp bead-like eyes missed nothing. He seemed to know everything for he would stop to instruct a worker in pruning a tree, unwind a cocoon, erect a building, or cook a meal if necessary.

Chief and ruler though he was, he imposed upon himself the same regular habits which he demanded of his colonists—rising early, dining well but plainly, and working rigorously. "When I am in France," he would say, "I drink champagne out of glass. When I am in Kansas, I eat bread and milk out of a can. I can adapt myself to my income."

The beginning of the '80s saw Silkville at the zenith of its success. But before the close of the decade Silkville had died—died a victim of the very freedom which de Bossiere had sought for it. From the moment of its inception Silkville had been out of harmony with the spirit that vibrated on the prairies. In all his ingenuousness, in all his clever, thoughtful

planning, de Bossiere had not counted on his countrymen becoming fired with the American passion for designing one's own plan of living.

Attractive French girls who had come over to reel the silk left to marry neighboring farmers. Frenchmen, when they learned to speak the English language, soon discovered that for the price they had deposited to become members of the colony they could take up homesteads and have farms of their own. De Bossiere's guarantee of "education and sustenance indulged with the largest liberty" no longer appealed to them. One by one they drifted away to the freedom of their own homes.

Forced to hire workers, de Bossiere could not sell his products in competition with the goods produced by cheap labor in France and Japan. Tired, discouraged, he realized that the tides of fate were against him. Thoughts of his homeland began to attract him once more. Napoleon III had long since been ousted from his throne on the bayonets of the Prussian Army. The Third Republic had been established. De Bossiere's estates which had been confiscated had been restored to him. He longed to return to France and to re-establish his friendships.

Stirred with benevolent love toward his fellowmen, he deeded his property, worth more than \$200,000, to the Odd Fellow Lodge to be used as an orphanage. He had spent a fortune in America, but he took with him only \$200 in cash when he returned to France, where he died in 1893. Generous to the end of his days, he left a few gifts to servants and friends, but the bulk of his vast estate, which amounted to millions of dollars, he left to educational and charitable causes in southern France.

The gift to the Odd Fellows, like the gift to the women in New Orleans, became an instrument of violent discord and

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dissension and harvested only a crop of bitterness. Almost immediately, lodge members fell to fighting among themselves over the management of the property. While they wrangled and even sought to repudiate the gift, a firm of lawyers in Topeka jumped the estate in the name of alleged heirs. The Silkville property became involved in a legal controversy that extended through every court in Kansas and developed into a maze of sensational litigation that lasted for years. A final court decision gave Silkville to the Topeka lawyers, who in turn sold it to an insurance company for a tidy profit.

One winter night, in 1916, fire of unexplained origin broke out in the Chateau and raged for hours. By morning only the smoke-blackened, gutted walls remained of the once splendid Belle Kansas mansion.

Today Silkville is occupied by a genial, hardworking, successful American farm family. The rolling pastures of the big farm are stocked with fine cattle. The long low stone "silk house," that formerly ticked to the sound of myriads of silk-worms devouring mulberry leaves, serves the farmer as a barn. In front of the site

of the old Chateau and built from the hewn stones of its ruined walls, stands a trim, modern farm house.

Busy traffic sweeps along U.S. Highway 50. If the passing motorists notice, beside the railroad track, the old red and white signboard bearing the word Silkville, few pause to speculate. Few, if any, ever turn their cars down the graveled country lane. They do not see the old weathered brown-stone schoolhouse, its windows boarded up, its walls furrowed with deep cracks, its yard a tangle of weeds and sunflowers. They do not see the miles of stone fence sprawling in the brush and grass. Neither do they see the grove of a score or more gnarled, twisted, aging mulberry trees. As the wind stirs through their dying branches, there is no one to hear the fantastic story they scrape out—the story of Ernest de Bossiere's dream of communal living that perished before the advances of the freedom of the American way of life.

Grace Cable Keroher is the author of two earlier sketches about immigrant colonies on the Kansas prairies, published in the Autumn 1942 and Summer 1943 issues of *COMMON GROUND*.

Kurt Werth is the illustrator.

• The Press •

THE FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PRESS ON DUMBARTON OAKS

A POLL BY THE COMMON COUNCIL

A SAMPLING of the foreign-language press in the United States, spokesman for a large part of the twenty-two million persons who in the 1940 census reported some language other than English as their mother tongue, shows there is no section of the American public more interested in the success of the San Francisco Conference than these millions of Americans of foreign birth and parentage. While a wide variety of suggestions for strengthening the new international organization has been advanced by the foreign-language press, virtually unanimous opinion—94.4 per cent of the 159 papers, representing 29 different language groups, responding to questions submitted by the Council—advocates the United States joining the international organization proposed at Dumbarton Oaks. The combined circulation of these 159 papers is 2,263,609, approximately one-third the total circulation of the foreign-language press in this country. 31 of the papers are dailies, 99 are weeklies, and 29 are general periodicals—monthlies, semi-monthlies, etc. The poll was conducted in April by the Common Council for American Unity, which has worked with the foreign-language press ever since World War I.

Americans of foreign birth and parentage are concerned not only to see the United States join an international organization adequate to maintain peace, but to have the freedoms and human rights which they have come to know and prize in the United States extended to their native countries and all the peoples of the

world. With only one dissenting vote, the foreign-language press voiced the wish that the proposed United Nations Charter be amended to include an international Bill of Rights. Similar unanimity—147 to 1—was expressed in favor of an amendment guaranteeing the free exchange of news between member countries, in each case the one negative vote being based not on opposition to the particular amendment but on the belief that an international organization should not have too much power over member nations. For similar reasons, apparently, four papers—Czech, Danish, German and Jewish (Ladino)—opposed an amendment guaranteeing internationally freedom of the press in all member countries, as against 146 papers favoring such an amendment. The vast majority of Americans of foreign birth and parentage, judging from the poll, would like to see the United Nations Charter guarantee internationally the rights of national, racial, and religious minorities. On such an amendment the vote was 140 for to 10 against. Half of the negative votes were from Czech publications and doubtless reflect the unhappy experience which the Czechoslovak Republic had with the Sudeten Germans and other minorities.

The desire of new Americans to see their American rights and freedoms the heritage of all peoples and to have an international organization strong enough to bring this about and to maintain peace is undoubtedly a chief reason why a substantial majority would prefer to see more

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power given the United Nations Organization over member nations than was proposed at Dumbarton Oaks. 97 papers favored and 40 opposed such extension of power. Of the 40 opposed, 23 believed that the new international organization should have less power over member nations than was proposed at Dumbarton Oaks. The only groups in which a majority of the papers opposed giving more power to the United Nations were the Italian, French, and Rumanian. 103

group lines. The 40 papers favoring more authority for the great powers come from 21 language groups.

A large majority indicated their belief that the United Nations Organization would be more likely to maintain peace if it has the right to review present and future peace treaties. The vote in favor of an amendment to the charter providing for this right was 139 to 13, the negative votes coming from 10 different groups. The general American viewpoint was also

Text of Questions and Summary of Replies

	YES	NO	ANSWER
(1) Should the United States join an international organization such as is outlined in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals?	150	6	3
(2) If YES, would you like to see amendments adopted:			
(a) Giving more power to the United Nations Organization over member nations?	97	40	22
(b) Giving less power to the United Nations Organization over member nations?	23	84	52
(c) Giving more authority to the Great Powers?	40	88	31
(d) Increasing the influence of smaller nations?	103	32	24
(e) Altering the Yalta agreement on voting procedure in the Security Council by denying nations charged with aggression the right to vote on their own case?	100	44	15
(f) Guaranteeing internationally the rights of national, racial and religious minorities?	140	10	9
(g) Including an International Bill of Human Rights?	144	1	14
(h) Guaranteeing internationally freedom of the press in all member countries?	146	4	9
(i) Guaranteeing free exchange of news between member countries?	147	1	11
(j) Giving the United Nations Organization the right to review present and future peace treaties?	139	13	7

papers would increase the influence of smaller nations in the new international organization, while 40 favor giving more authority to the great powers. In each case, the vote indicated the tendency to divide, like other Americans, on the basis of principle, and not on nationality or

substantially favored on the question of whether the Yalta agreement on voting procedure in the Security Council should be changed by denying nations charged with aggression the right to vote on their own case. 100 papers from 25 groups favored such a change. 44, from 20

groups, opposed it. The only groups in which a majority was in opposition were the Czech, Hungarian, and Jewish (Yiddish and Ladino).

No better augury for the success of the proposed international organization is likely to be found than the readiness of the millions of Americans of foreign birth and parentage, who have come to the United States from all the countries of the world, to assimilate the American viewpoint and to react as Americans. They have a natural and legitimate concern to

see that their countries of origin get a square deal, but they are looking to the American delegation at San Francisco to represent them and to realize, so far as possible, their convictions and hopes. Their loyalty as Americans, coupled with their special knowledge of and ties with other peoples throughout the world, constitute a special asset to the United States as it seeks to realize its dream of an international organization with power to maintain peace and to lead the world to a larger measure of justice, freedom, and well-being.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE CONSTITUTION AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES

WHILE the right to teach, learn, or use a foreign language is a matter of interest to citizens as well as to aliens, it is of special concern to the latter; for the alien—and the naturalized citizen, too—normally has traditional and cultural ties to the country of his birth—ties which, as the Supreme Court has indicated recently in the *Baumgartner* case, are not at all inconsistent with loyalty to American ideals and political institutions. Language, as the carrier and preserver of a people's culture, may be of primary importance in sustaining living ties between the alien and the country of his origin; and the desire to transmit phases of the culture of his people to his children is a natural one—though the attempt at transmission may serve either as a bridge or as a gulf between the alien or naturalized citizen and his American-born children. However, whether the attempt to teach a foreign language serves as a bridge or as a

gulf between the parent and his children, the right to teach the language should be preserved without qualification, in the interest of cultural enrichment, cultural pluralism, and academic freedom: the right to teach any and all subjects, in addition to those basic subjects which a system of public education has a right to prescribe in the interest of literacy and civic training.

In 1923 the Supreme Court, in *Meyer v. Nebraska*, was called upon to consider the conviction of a parochial school teacher on a charge of unlawfully teaching the German language. Four years before the case came up, Nebraska had adopted an act which provided that no person shall in any private or public school teach any subject to any person in the first eight grades in any language other than the English language.

The court held that the statute was un-

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constitutional. The due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, said Mr. Justice McReynolds, without doubt denotes "not merely freedom from bodily restraint but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, establish a home and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and generally to enjoy those privileges long recognized as essential to the ordinary pursuit of happiness by free men." The court held that the right to teach, and the right of parents to engage a teacher, are within the protection of the due process clause against state interference. The Nebraska act was unconstitutional because it interfered with (1) the calling of modern-language teachers, (2) the opportunities of pupils to acquire knowledge, and (3) the power of parents to control the education of their children. The court said experience shows that a proficiency in a foreign language is not injurious to the health, morals, or understanding of children, and so the act could not be justified as an exercise of the state's police power.

The Nebraska Supreme Court, in sustaining the act, had said that the purpose of the act was to protect civic development by inhibiting training of the immature in foreign languages before they could learn English; the English language should be, or should become, the mother tongue of all children reared in the state. As to this, McReynolds said that, while the end might be desirable, the means employed by the state did violence to the constitutional rights of the individual.

Iowa and Ohio adopted statutes similar to the one in Nebraska, but the court in the *Bartels* case, also decided in 1923, held them all unconstitutional. It is to be noted, however, that Mr. Justice Holmes

wrote a dissenting opinion, in which he argued that it was not unreasonable for a state to provide that in his early years a child shall hear and speak only English at school.

The legislature of Hawaii in 1920 adopted an act which provided that no pupil was to attend a foreign-language school for more than one hour each day. Furthermore, the department of public instruction was given the right to prescribe the subjects and courses of study of all such schools, the admission and attendance requirements, and the textbooks. At the time, there were 163 foreign-language schools in Hawaii, of which all but sixteen were conducted in the Japanese language; there were over 200,000 pupils in these schools, and over 300 teachers were employed in them. The schools received no aid from the public treasury, and all who attended also attended the public schools.

In the *Farrington* case the constitutionality of this statute came before the United States Supreme Court. In an opinion by McReynolds the court held that the territorial legislature was limited under the Fifth Amendment; that the act was unconstitutional under this Amendment. The Japanese parent, the court held, has the right to direct the education of his child without unreasonable restrictions: "the Constitution protects him as well as those who speak another tongue." The act went "far beyond mere regulation of privately supported schools in which children obtain instruction deemed valuable by their parents and which is not obviously in conflict with any public interest."

The above three cases relate to the place of foreign languages in an educational system; they bring the teaching of such languages within the scope of academic freedom and cover the right to

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teach foreign languages with the mantle of the Constitution. Neither Congress, nor the territories, nor the states may deprive a person of the right to teach or learn a foreign language during school hours in a public or private school, or after hours in a private school.

In 1921 the Philippine legislature adopted an act known as the Chinese Bookkeeping Act, which provided that it shall be unlawful for anyone engaged in commerce or industry to keep account books in any language other than English, Spanish, or a local dialect. A Chinese merchant in Manila, who could not read, write, or understand English, Spanish, or a local dialect, kept his books of account in Chinese and was arrested for violation of the law. The Supreme Court declared the act unconstitutional.

In defense of the statute it was argued that it was a proper exercise of the legislative power because the government of the Philippines depended upon taxes and imposts, and the officials of the internal revenue department could not revise and check up properly the correctness of the books of account which the Chinese merchants kept in their own language. Of the 85,000 merchants on the islands, 12,000 were Chinese; the latter did about 60 per cent of the business and paid about 60 per cent of the taxes. (Chinese merchants were on the islands even before the arrival of the Spaniards in 1520.) But no more than eight of the Chinese merchants could read or write proficiently in any language other than Chinese.

Chief Justice Taft said for the court that the act should be tested by the same criteria which would apply to a case arising within the territorial limits of the United States; that if a state had passed the act in question it would also have been declared unconstitutional.

While the government of the islands

could require that account books be kept in English or Spanish, it could not prohibit, said Taft, the keeping of another set of books in the Chinese language; for the Chinese books of those merchants who knew only Chinese "are their eyes in respect to their business. Without them such merchants would be a prey to all kinds of fraud. . . . It would greatly and disastrously curtail their liberty of action, and be oppressive and damaging in the preservation of their property."

The case thus establishes the constitutional right of a person to use a foreign language. He may use it even in the keeping of his books of account which may serve as the basis of calculating the amount of taxes due from him to the government. While the government may require that a merchant keep a set of books in English, it may not prohibit his keeping another set in a foreign language.

The cases considered in this article establish the constitutional right to teach, learn, and use foreign languages without interference from the government—state, territorial, or federal. This is a right of inestimable cultural value, not only to aliens, but to citizens as well. It means that the people of the United States cannot be compelled to live in a milieu of cultural monism.

Finally, it might be noted that the perennial and persistent attacks of "patriotic" West Coast groups on Japanese-language schools are without foundation. In spite of the schools, when the Army scoured the Relocation Centers for Nisei who knew Japanese, they found only 15 per cent who could speak the language and only 5 per cent who could read or write Japanese—and they desperately needed more for intelligence work and as instructors in the Army language schools. This situation hardly calls for the exertion of the state's police power in the interest of civic education!

• The Common Council at Work •

A POLL OF FOREIGN-LANGUAGE newspapers in the United States on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, made by the Council in April, covered 29 different language or nationality groups. Reports on the poll, furnished the State Department, members of the American delegation to San Francisco, and other interested organizations, showed there is no section of the American public more interested in the setting up of a successful international organization than the millions of Americans of foreign birth and parentage for whom the foreign-language press speaks. (See page 92.)

THE COUNCIL IS MAKING its information and experience available in connection with the study and investigation of postwar immigration problems, undertaken by the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization in accordance with the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on March 27. For purposes of the investigation, Congressman Dickstein, Chairman of the House Committee, has appointed six sub-committees—on immigration and deportation, naturalization and citizenship, prisoners of war, Japanese and the War Relocation Authority, alien enemies, and the Emergency Refugee Shelter at Fort Ontario in Oswego, New York—representing the principal areas to be studied.

"To WHAT EXTENT IS NEW YORK a Jim Crow Community?" and "What Can We Do About Jim Crow in New York?" were the subjects of two panel discussions arranged by the Council in April and May and participated in by the representatives of the Council, the National Urban League, the NAACP, the FEPC, the Mayor's Committee on Unity, the Na-

tional Board of the YWCA, and others. Discrimination and segregation in such fields as housing, employment, hotels and restaurants, theatres and movies, hospitals, schools, and churches were discussed. While conceding New York to be one of the most liberal cities in the country, the speakers presented evidence indicating that vigorous action was needed there as elsewhere to realize our American ideals of equal opportunity and fair play for all Americans.

IN AN EFFORT TO CREATE BETTER understanding of Japanese Americans, the Council is sending on nation-wide tour an exhibition of paintings and drawings of scenes in the War Relocation Centers by Miné Okubo, young Japanese American artist, who spent more than two years in the Tanforan, California, Assembly Center and the Topaz, Utah, Relocation Center. Miss Okubo held the University of California's highest art honor for two years—a traveling fellowship on which she studied in Europe till the outbreak of the war; she has had a number of one-man shows, and she has an impressive list of prizes and awards. In the Relocation Centers she made from 1,500 to 2,000 sketches, detailing from the inside the whole story of evacuation. She has since developed some of these into finished paintings; others she has made into a series of drawings which tell the story of this episode in American history without bitterness, with honesty, objectivity, humor, and warmth. The United States has probably rarely produced a documentary record of any historical event to equal Miss Okubo's. The exhibit opened at the Council's American Common in March, was shown at the New School for Social Research in April, and

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began its national tour at the Seattle Art Museum in May. Other museums, including San Francisco, are being scheduled. Council members who would like the show exhibited in their cities are urged to write the Council office for details and possible dates.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOL systems in all the 397 cities of the country of 25,000 or more population have had "acquaintance" subscriptions to COMMON GROUND made available to them, if they were not already subscribing, as the result of a generous gift to the Council for that purpose.

ENTHUSIASTIC COMMENTS regarding COMMON GROUND reach the Council from the far corners of the earth. A soldier subscriber in the Pacific writes: "I wish to gratefully acknowledge receipt of your Winter and Spring '45 editions. Received approximately twenty-four hours ago, I have read from cover to cover of each issue already. Reading amidst the wild, exotic Pacific is an extremely valuable asset. Any kind of reading out here is highly appreciated. But COMMON GROUND is priceless!" Another subscriber says: "It is so encouraging to find a clear expression of the values one cherishes. I was born and raised in America. I have lived in Europe, but this is my home and I love it. I love it for its land and for its people. . . . I am sometimes bitterly ashamed of what I have allowed my country to do—to throw great masses of Nisei citizens into concentration camps, to Jim Crow other citizens, to develop ruthless native forms of fascism—but then there is the side of America which appears, for example, in the pages of COMMON GROUND. Of that America I am proud!"

THE SPECIAL SERIES OF ARTICLES, "Learning to Live in One World," by

Dr. Margaret Mead, which the Council has been sending the foreign-language press in 17 different languages, will be completed in June. These articles, widely reprinted, have covered topics such as "Thinking Correctly About Race," "It's Upbringing, Not Race, That Matters," "Lower Living Standards No Ground for Group Condemnation," "Talking About Other Groups," "Food Can Be a Bridge Between Different Groups," "Bringing Up Children Who Can Move Around," "Man's Right to a Job," and "Wider Loyalties Needed."

THERE ARE, AT PRESENT, 1,002 foreign-language publications in the United States, according to the survey completed by the Council in May, published in 39 different languages. For the first time Spanish leads in the number of publications, German falling to second place. The totals for the larger languages are: Spanish 124, German 117, Italian 103, Polish 76, Czech 60, Hungarian 54, Yiddish 53, French and Swedish, each 41, Norwegian 33, Slovak 32, Russian and Carpatho-Russian 30, Greek 27, Lithuanian 26, and Finnish and Portuguese, each 20. Between 10 and 17 papers are published in each of the following languages: Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Croatian, Danish, Dutch, Hebrew, Slovene, and Ukrainian. There are between 2 and 6 publications in Albanian, Bulgarian, Estonian, Japanese, Latvian, Rumanian, Serbian, and Welsh, and 1 publication in Esperanto, Flemish, Korean, Ladino, and Wendish. According to frequency of publication, there are 90 dailies, 52 semi-weeklies, 397 weeklies, 74 semi-monthlies, 296 monthlies, and 93 others. As a result of a quarter century of work, the Council undoubtedly has the fullest information available regarding the foreign-language press and responds to frequent requests from government officials and

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others for information and assistance in this field.

A WIDE RANGE OF PROBLEMS has been covered by the Council in its weekly releases to the foreign-language press during the past quarter. Typical articles were: "Why Shortages and Rationing," "Veterans' Guide," "War Housing and the Future," "The Act of Chapultepec," "The Ives-Quinn Anti-Discrimination Bill," "A Victory Vacation on the Farm," "Presidents of the United States by Succession," "Meeting the Coal Shortage Problem," "Inflation in United States History," "Regional Agreements and International Organization," "How the Soldier Will Be Demobilized."

REPEAL OF OUR CHINESE EXCLUSION
Laws in December of 1943 enabled the Council recently to assist Mrs. K—C—, a Chinese woman resident, to realize her ambition to obtain a license as a nurse. Born in Peking, Mrs. K—C— was married there to an American citizen of Chinese descent and came with him to the United States, being admitted temporarily as a student. When her husband was commissioned a first lieutenant in the U.S. Medical Corps, she decided to become a nurse, but found citizenship or first papers necessary to be licensed. She turned to the Council for help. It arranged for her to go to Canada and be re-admitted for permanent residence under the new Chinese quota of 105. She was then in a position to file application for first papers. Hundreds of similar cases relating to status and citizenship, from many different points in the country, are handled by the Council each month.

RECENT INTERPRETER RELEASES—the Council's information service for local agencies interested in problems of immigration, naturalization, and the for-

ign-born—have included articles on "Wives, Fiancées, and Children of Men in Our Armed Forces: How to Bring Them to the United States," "Naturalization of Aliens Serving Overseas in Our Armed Forces," "What to Do with Families Displaced by the War" by Fred K. Hoehler, "Displaced Populations in Europe in 1944 with Particular Reference to Germany" by Jane Perry Clark, several legislative bulletins, etc.

THE COUNCIL'S WEEKLY RADIO BULLETIN, sent to 500 foreign-language broadcasters and program directors, is emphasizing at present significant events and anniversaries in American life and history, questions and answers on naturalization and immigration problems, and three special features—"Know Your Government," "America Speaking," and "Music, the International Language."

A UNITED CHORAL CONCERT at the American Common in June brought together for the first time four choral groups of widely different backgrounds: "Coro d'Italia," made up of Italian Americans; the Czechoslovak Choral Society "Odboj"; the New Choral Group, including many former refugees from Europe; and the Schubert Music Society, whose members are Negro Americans. The four conductors are, respectively, Edoardo Battente, Karel Leitner, Charles Hobbs, and Edward Margetson. The concert was arranged by Mrs. Margaret Bush, secretary of the Council's Music Committee. During April and May, the American Common displayed an exhibit of "Paintings by New Americans," featuring works by artists of Austrian, Czech, French, Hungarian, Polish, Russian, and Yugoslav origin.

SPEAKERS AT RECENT COUNCIL MEETINGS at the American Common have in-

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cluded Carey McWilliams on "Japanese Americans Face the Future"; George L. Warren of the State Department; Dr. Henry B. Hazard of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service; T/Sgt. David Dempsey, Combat Correspondent with the Fourth Marines on Iwo, "With the Marines in the Pacific"; and Earl G. Harrison, newly appointed dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School and American representative on the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees, "Resettling Europe's Refugees." A panel of nine foreign-language editors, with Edward L. Bernays as chairman, also discussed "Will the International Organization Proposed at Dumbarton Oaks Be Able to Maintain Peace?"

ENTHUSIASM FOR THE PICTURES in COMMON GROUND, and frequent requests from schools and libraries and organizations for pictorial display material, have

led the Council to have the pictures in each issue mounted on large poster board (22" x 28"). Sets of 12 posters are available on loan from the Council office.

THE COUNCIL'S MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE, under the chairmanship of Eugene H. Zagat of its Board of Directors, is enlisting as many new friends as possible in an effort to develop the increased support necessary to an expanded program. Members wishing to co-operate in this effort are urged to write Mr. Zagat in care of the Council office. At a special membership meeting in March at the American Common, Langston Hughes, Dr. Margaret Mead, and Helen Papashvily discussed the subject of "Inter-Group Understanding—A Challenge of Today and Tomorrow." Significant at this and other Council meetings is an audience composed of Americans of all races and national backgrounds.

• Miscellany •

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT and the "American dream" walked hand in hand. Perhaps no man has better articulated it for us. Back in 1936 at the fiftieth anniversary of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, he said: "Even in times as troubled as these, I still hold to the faith that a better civilization than any we have known is in store for America, and, by our example, perhaps for the world. Here destiny seems to have taken a long look. Into this continental reservoir there has been poured untold and untapped wealth of human resources. Out of that reservoir, out of the melting pot, the rich promise which the New World held out to those who came to it from many lands is finding fulfillment."

He never lost sight of the fact that Americans are here because they or someone in their past made the great decision to come, that America is a country men chose, that no one has a vested interest simply because his family came early. Immigration is the great American continuity, pouring its ideas and brawn into the development of a nation. To the Daughters of the American Revolution, Franklin Roosevelt said in 1935:

"I thought of preaching on a text, but I won't. I will only give you the text and I won't preach on it. I think I can afford to give you the text because it so happens—through no fault of my own—that I am descended from a number of people who came over on the *Mayflower*. But,

MISCELLANY

more than that, my ancestors on both sides—and when you go back four or five generations it means 32 or 64 of them—every single one of them—without exception—was in this land in 1776.

"And there was only one Tory among them.

"And so the text is this: Remember that all of us, you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists."

A great man has died. The "American dream"—his dream and ours—lives on.

COMMON GROUND UNWITTINGLY gave further currency to a literary hoax—the Cotton Mather letter quoted in the article, "The Comradeship of Faiths," by Dr. Bernard Heller in the Spring 1945 issue. Unfortunately, someone will probably pick it up from our pages and pass it along, since corrections seem never to catch up with the original wrong. Other recent sinners in connection with the letter were the Reader's Digest for November 1939 and Topics of the Times earlier this year. The story of the hoax may be found in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the 3rd series, Volume I, 1907-8, pages 407-409.

SUMMER WORKSHOPS in fields allied to COMMON GROUND's interests have been announced at many points. The Bureau for Intercultural Education is serving as educational consultants for four: one at Teachers College in New York from July 2 to August 10; one at Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont, from July 5 to August 16; one at the College of Education of the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis from July 30 to August 31; and one at the School of Education of Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. These offer outstanding opportunities to teachers and group leaders who wish to

develop methods and techniques in intercultural education. For detailed information write William Van Til, Bureau for Intercultural Education, 119 West 57th Street, New York 19.

The second annual Institute of Race Relations will be held at Fisk University, July 2 to 21. Nine interrelated seminars are planned: on federal policies and practices toward racial minorities, problems of racial adjustment and integration in industry and labor organizations, official and citizens interracial committees, public and private housing and restrictive covenants, urban adjustment, the church and race relations, the South, the press and radio and cinema, and intercultural and interracial education. Write Dr. Charles S. Johnson, Fisk University, Nashville 8, Tennessee.

A summer school for Swedish studies will be held at North Park College in Chicago from June 25 to August 17, emphasizing intensive language study but including also a series of lectures on the history, government, education, popular movements, industries, art, music, etc. of modern Sweden. Write Dean Arthur Wald of Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, for details.

THEY SEE FOR THEMSELVES, by Spencer Brown (Harper, \$1.25 paper; \$2 cloth), is a useful volume for schools and community committees looking for techniques in group understanding. The book grew out of a project in 11 high schools in New York City and Westchester County, where students made first-hand surveys of inter-group tensions and related problems as they existed in their own communities. Discussion followed fact-finding, and collaborative writing of documentary plays wound up the work. Three of the plays are included in the Appendix.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

THE DEMOCRATIC FERMENT AT WORK IN AMERICA

PINE, STREAM AND PRAIRIE. By James Gray. New York: Knopf. 333 pp. \$3.50

Nowhere has the democratic ferment been more actively at work than in Wisconsin and Minnesota in the less than a century since their admission to statehood. The reasons for this are clear in James Gray's happily chosen account of the two states taken together. Similar in climate, topography, and resources, they attracted the same sort of serious settlers derived from thirty distinct national origins. No one of these became dominant in either state—Scandinavians do not rule Minnesota, we are told, even though they furnish a majority of the governors—but each group contributes some economic, agricultural, social, or other value. All get on together uncommonly well, with a minimum of snobbishness and group prejudice. Reading these lively and informative pages, we soon see how very American these states are. We comprehend what has made them so: a rugged climate, struggle with the primitive, a varied population with common interests, and refusal to freeze into a fixed pattern. This last is the key to the politically adventurous character of the region. These folk tolerate many conflicting views but resolutely refuse to adopt any one formula. Indeed, the political history of Minnesota, Gray avers, and of Wisconsin too, has been one of persistent revolt against fixed formulas. If that is not true Americanism, it should be. The people speak and are heard. Themselves sprung from many nations, they speak for world

co-operation and international order—a fluid order, in which life-blood flows.

Henry Christman's *Tin Horns and Calico* (Holt. \$3.75) reveals the painful effects of an outmoded order—the patroon system—fastened upon a section of the state of New York. With the connivance of governors and law-givers, a landed gentry exacted perpetual rent from tenants on farm land acquired under Dutch grants two hundred years before. It took a five years bloodless (almost) war to break the hold of this semi-feudal tenure.

Semi-feudal conditions such as existed in manors near Albany would not have been tolerated in counties where local democratic government was well established. Clarence M. Webster describes these in his *Town Meeting Country* (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3), another of the excellent American Folkways series. Indeed such a manor, once set up in Connecticut, was soon forced out of existence by pressure from the folk of surrounding towns. Its presence was an offense. As far back as the days of patroonery, New Englanders were working out a system that still endures. There is a record of a town meeting held in Dorchester in 1633, only four years after a Dutch grant made Kiliaen Van Rensselaer owner and lord of his giant domain on the Hudson. In New England, plain folk—farmers, business men, lawyers, artisans, and so on—got together. All had—and still have—their say. There is an orderly pattern of procedure, and the result is efficient town management and the social satisfaction

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that comes of living in a community where the integrity of the individual is recognized and no man claims ascendancy on grounds of wealth, family, or race.

Regard for the integrity of the individual is a basic principle for which we of the United Nations now fight. We treat it as secular and political—the core of our democracy. It is also religious, supported by all the great faiths of mankind. We tend to lose sight of its origin, but enemies of democracy do not. They have identified this principle with the Christian religion, and that religion they (the Nazis) have accredited to the Jews. Destroying these, they have thought to strike at the roots of human freedom both as polity and faith. That this identification is correct becomes clear in *This Is Judaism*, a very striking book by Ferdinand M. Isserman, a Jewish rabbi (Willett, Clark. \$2.50). Based on a modern view of the authorship and dating of component parts of the Torah and the books of prophecy, this interpretation tallies with the findings of non-Jewish scholars. With a logic that is both clear and compelling, it establishes Judaism as a prophetic world-faith, one in its essence with those faiths that have stemmed from it, this basic unity obscured on the one hand by dogma and on the other by ritualistic practice. We can think of nothing that will go further in removing misunderstanding of Judaism than this wise and friendly discourse.

In *The Declaration of Independence: The Evolution of the Text* by Julian P. Boyd (Princeton University Press. \$3.50) are brought together all the known drafts and copies of the Declaration in Jefferson's hand, as well as illuminating comment on the background and process of its drafting. Here is brought to life the great document of our American democratic ferment.

Struthers Burt's *Philadelphia: Holy Experiment* (Doubleday, Doran. \$3.75) is

the most engaging biography of a great city we have read. The founder's "holy experiment" was foredoomed to fail; but William Penn himself emerges as the first to launch a settlement embodying "the American Idea" of tolerance, freedom, and opportunity for men of whatever nationality or faith. His call for "men of universal spirit" to people his wilderness colony is impressive today. Misconceptions of Franklin are corrected here. His was indeed a "universal spirit," and it was the tolerance in Penn's city that brought him there—no cautious conservative but a natural rebel and innovator, a true democrat in advance of his time. Others were none too friendly with "foreigners," but they came, bringing many skills, arts, crafts, and talents to city and state.

Stanley Vestal's *The Missouri* (Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50), while ostensibly the biography of a river, is, in fact, an account of people who lived on or near it, whose characters were formed under its influence. Turbulent it was, and independent, refusing to be grooved in a fixed pattern. The men who braved the treacherous channels of the Missouri in keel-boats, or later under steam, and those who settled adjacent lands and held them against Indians, drought, and pro-slavery raiders, were independent too. This book is the saga of their lusty, dangerous lives. A good part of it is devoted to Indians of the region: their traits as known to early travelers; then, after experience with the perfidy of white men; and today, with better mutual understanding as all-out Americans—not a rebel or a traitor among them, and their sons among our best fighters on the world's battle-fronts. Here too is tribute to the European immigrant farmer who faced drought and locusts, stayed and "took it" while the native-born American left. Vestal finds the plainsmen of the

Upper Missouri country ready to welcome the Scandinavians, Russians, Finns, Yugoslavs, Italians, and Czechs who have enriched their cultural life.

Joseph Henry Jackson has collected in *Continent's End* (Whittlesey House. \$3.50) some of the best prose and verse descriptive of the pageant of life in California as writers in the last quarter century have portrayed it. Some scenes are historic, others current; some are tragic, some thrilling, some just human. (Bits from Saroyan, Bezzerides, and John Fante are among these last.) Social conflict (Lincoln Steffens) has a place here, and the cinema. An inclusive selection of good modern writing.

Keith Jemison's album of New Hampshire pictures (Holt. \$2.50) gives us the rural version of an old and settled life of democratic tradition. Laconic comment from persons in the scene set off these enchanting triumphs of the camera.

Under its new title, *One America*

(Prentice-Hall. \$5), the comprehensive survey of *Our Racial and National Minorities* published in 1937 has been brought down to the end of 1944, with needed additions and complete revision. Forty-one groups are represented. Francis J. Brown and Joseph S. Roucek are the editors, with thirty-three others—each an authority in his own field—contributing. In five parts, this admirable compilation gives the history and cultural progress of each of our minority peoples, separately; then their activities and characteristic organizations collectively; the racial and cultural conflicts involving some of them; the educational problems that concern them all; and lastly the trend toward a cultural democracy in which problems still acute and distressing may be solved and minorities as such disappear along with the resolving of group conflicts. The goal is a harmonious society based on pluralism of racial and cultural stocks: *One America*.

THINKING ABOUT RELIGION

Children and adults will welcome a beautiful and important juvenile by Florence Mary Fitch, *One God: The Ways We Worship Him* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. \$2). Miss Fitch is a teacher of comparative religion at Oberlin College. Very simply, in text and photographs, she tells the story of the three great religions of America. The book is divided into three sections, *The Jewish Way*, *The Catholic Way*, and *The Protestant Way*, and each has been endorsed by leading educators and national organizations of the three faiths. The book is beautiful and reverent, a joy to read and own.

Sabbath, the Day of Delight, by Abraham E. Millgram (Jewish Publication So-

cietry. \$3), while saying not a word about anti-Semitism, may serve better to combat it than any argument. Controversial matters are excluded. Here are brief accounts of the Jewish Sabbath as observed in the home (with "mystic sweetness and spirituality"), in the synagogue, in literature, in music, and in art. It is significant that quite one third of the 493-page volume is devoted to observance of this "Day of Delight" in the home and for the children. Songs, hymns, in Hebrew and in translation, enrich this section. Next come varied selections from prose and poetry—particularly a group under "The Sabbath in Short Story," that are of universal appeal. The whole effect is one of refreshment.

Let's Think About Our Religion, by Frank and Mildred Moody Eakin (Macmillan, \$1), may be heartily recommended to mature readers of any (or no) church affiliation as a frank inquiry into the relation between the supernatural and the spiritual, and a candid examination of the reasons why so many men of goodwill

have cooled toward a system that stressed the supernatural—a power above life, virtually outside and apart from secular interests and affairs. A very thoughtful discussion, and one in which the need of the average man for guidance that enters into the field of his actual experience is well understood.

HEMISPHERIC NEIGHBORS

Cocks and Bulls in Caracas (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75) is Olga Briceño's intimate account of family and social life in Venezuela and is one of the most charming books ever written. The author, as hostess, takes us into the home that has been that of the family for generations, where every room has its legend and life is lived in a pattern set during centuries. We come to know the mistress of the house, the devoted servants, woman's manifold cares and self-imposed responsibilities, material and spiritual. We meet the friends, share their diversions, observe the townsmen and sense the spell of timeless, unhasting tempo. True, modernity is intruding; but Olga Briceño has caught for us the magic of gracious living, interpreting it as only one can who is as much at home in New York as she is in Caracas.

In *Costa Rican Life* (Columbia University Press, \$3), John and Mavis Biesanz give us a solid, three-dimensional picture of social and economic living in a country favored from the start for liberal progress by its remoteness from the zone of large estates and early colonial exploitation. Ingratiating themselves with the people and dwelling for ten months in Heredia (a coffee town and typical), our authors gathered their information from all sources, and present it here in friendly and candid fashion. Every phase of social,

political, economic, and educational life is covered, revealing a people sworn to democratic ideals (and proud of it), partial to culture and the professions, but clinging to class distinctions in matters of marriage and social relations; held back also by dominance of the coffee-growing élite and want of diversification, with too great a gap between peon and employer. Yet of their tranquillity and freedom, Costa Ricans may justly boast.

So far as a faithful rendering of history can provide it, Hudson Strode's *Timeless Mexico* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) gives us a key to the understanding of that troubled country. Powerfully written, exposing with ruthless realism the sins of Mexico's despoilers and the weaknesses of its would-be saviors, fairly bestowing credit and discredit where due, the book is a dramatic recital of a people's long struggle toward civil liberty and economic rights. Characterizations of leading figures are superb. But more searing to our conscience than internal injustices Mexico has endured is the story of sabotage by North American business interests of liberal projects undertaken there. This frank exposure we read with shame and remorse.

Hubert Herring's brief appraisal of *America and the Americas* (Claremont College, \$2) forecasts a better all-Amer-

ican solidarity for the near future provided the American electorate realizes the need of a working partnership among twenty-one sovereign states, each willing

to yield some part of its sovereignty for the good of all. Every phase of this difficult achievement is scanned without illusion in an admirable brochure.

DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Claude G. Bowers' *The Young Jefferson* (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75) is not just another life of the man whose biography so many good authors have felt impelled to write. Mr. Bowers, publicist and diplomat, has already written of *Jefferson in Power* and of his contest with Hamilton. Here he unfolds the man's early life and training; traces the origins of his driving beliefs and burning convictions; deftly disentangles the mesh of mixed motives and conflicting loyalties that beset a patriot's path to clear decisions; shows how a young assemblyman became, first, the voice of his constituency; then of his state; next for the colonies of Britain, as such; and finally—still the "young Jefferson"—for the nation he had labored to form and liberate. This is done with absorbing interest.

A timely printing of Howard Fast's *The Selected Work of Tom Paine* (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.50) reminds us that writings of that derelict artisan who stirred America to action by his all-time best seller, *Common Sense*, and later shook England with *The Rights of Man*, can still be read with appreciation for his political acumen, his keen analysis, and sinewy strength of style. For a hundred and seventy years schoolboys have recited the lines about the "summer soldier and the sunshine patriot" (from No. 1 of the *Crisis Papers*, reproduced here), but who quotes from the first paragraph of *Common Sense*: "Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wicked-

ness"? A more pertinent apothegm you will seldom find. Readers will find these selections, and the running comment Howard Fast supplies with them, both rewarding and tonic—for today.

Ralph Korngold's *Citizen Toussaint* (Little, Brown. \$3) is grim reading. If the treatment of colonials by George III was stupid and indefensible, that of San Domingo (Haiti) by those sent by France to govern her most productive colony was monstrous. The story of Toussaint L'Ouverture cannot be told without revealing the perfidy, the inhuman brutality of men assigned by a country only just freed from oppression, to rule that colony and exploit the producers of its wealth—the Negroes. Toussaint, forty-seven of his fifty-nine years a slave, had freed them. Napoleon, anxious to extend his empire, wished them re-enslaved. He had first to be rid of a man greater than himself. This he accomplished by treachery and official murder, and followed this by the appointment of the butcher Rochambeau to deal out death or bondage. Haiti remained free. Toussaint, martyred, remains a heroic figure—soldier, statesman, and man of honor.

If the leaven of democracy that worked so well in the American colonies could have spread as rapidly in the states beyond the Rhineland, Germany might have been free by 1850. It was not the fault of Karl Heinzen, whose life, by Carl Wittke, appears under the title *Against the Current* (University of Chicago Press. \$3.75).

THE BOOKSHELF

Eight years as a Prussian tax official made him a thoroughgoing revolutionary. There was no place, he concluded, for a "free personality" under the Prussian bureaucratic system. Fleeing arrest, he came to America. Here he devoted himself for many years, as editor and publicist, to liberal movements and a comprehensive design described as "social reform without communism." Of stormy temperament but a true intellectual, he was a liberal ahead of his time.

And now—our own time.

Richard Wright's *Black Boy* (Harper. \$2.50), the author's own life story, defends the right of a southern Negro to be a person—the kind of a person he can be when the best and deepest that is in him is accepted, not tossed away in blind ignorance and hate. The first half of this painfully absorbing narrative is best read as the psychological case history of a sensitive child in whom every experience is intensified far beyond the normal; a child who, because ideas (including perceptions of right and wrong and injustice) become compulsions for him, cannot react in a passive manner and so aggravates the distrust and dislike which others feel for him. This is the individual struggling against routine behavior in an instinctive fight for survival—not as type but as a person, a self. The second half widens into a story that concerns not one individual but all, including those who "learn to live in the South" and by so doing

help preserve a social system that induces depravity of one sort or another in those who impose it as well as among those who accept. By refusing to accept, and by making the refusal articulate, *Black Boy* symbolizes the stand free men must take for human values and human rights.

Harvey Fergusson's *Home in the West* (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75), his own life story, tells of a white boy's struggle to preserve his true self from the stereotyping influence of society which, in New Mexico as elsewhere, exalts usage above personality. A deep-thinking German grandfather helped him achieve the detachment which (as in the case of Richard Wright) freed him from social pressure and the will of a father who would mold him into the southern gentleman he was himself. "Home," for him, was not family or people but regional nature—"this piece of earth"—to which he often returned, "remembering quiet, tinkle of water, wind in the piñons," finding there an assurance known nowhere else.

Charlie May Simon found and made a home for herself in the Ozarks and tells of it in *Straw in the Sun* (Dutton. \$2.75). A charming idyll, it portrays people in whom one confides easily—simple folk who, since they know freedom, exert no pressure to rob others of it. Poverty has not spoiled their unobtrusive human kindness. Blending with nature, softening solitude, they helped make "Rocky Crossing" a satisfying home.

NOVELISTS SCORE AGAIN

With his *Two Solitudes* (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3) Hugh MacLennan has stepped into the front rank of fiction writers. Not only has he dramatized an old nationalistic antagonism—between

French Canadians and English—but he has laid bare the deep causes of its stubborn persistence. Despising urban culture, loving the soil and the simple ways of their fathers, thrifty and pious, a French

COMMON GROUND

peasantry identifies the good life with domestic peace, nationality, and religion. All that disturbs these values must be evil. Those of English stock, the ruling class, believe in commercial enterprise and industrial expansion, involving unwelcome changes and sometimes the threat of war. Written in slow tempo, the story brings out the full force of this conflict of traditions through fine characterizations of families and backgrounds involved in the mesh of a romance. A blend of the classic and modern—the best of each, dispassionate in its strictures, sparing neither side where faults must be uncovered, this is an absorbing story.

Edna Ferber's *Great Son* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50) celebrates the energy and spirit of Seattle and the rugged virtues of its citizens. Four generations panel the picture, all extant, with Madam Exact, grand old eccentric survivor of Seattle's Year One, dominating the lot. Madame's new maid—a refugee from Nazi Germany—brings romance into the story and an appraisal of our Northwest that is one of the striking features of the book.

Elliott Arnold's Tomorrow Will Sing

(Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.50) gives us Eddie Amato, of immigrant parents, farmer on Long Island, now a bombardier in Italy, feeling kinship with the land from first sight of it, but finding it harder to win closeness with his own kin discovered there. His clear honesty and helpfulness overcome their suspicions and open the way for the charming romance. In Eddie and in his wise uncle Gennaro, we have the best qualities of Italian rural character and its American derivative; in Nina Sorvino, the most engaging of feminine traits. The story goes deep, reveals much, and exceeds *A Bell for Adano* in its penetration.

The Moved-Outers by Florence Cran nell Means (Houghton Mifflin. \$2) tells the story of the evacuation of Japanese Americans from the West Coast. Written for teen-age children, it tells of the impact of evacuation on Sue and Kim Ohara, completely American youngsters of Japanese descent, top students in their senior year in high school when they are uprooted. Their fight to retain faith in America makes an absorbing and illuminating story.

AMERICANS PLAN FOR PEACE

Not the President and his Cabinet only, or the Senate and the House, but the common man, singly or in groups, must plan for peace. Recognizing this, Edward L. Bernays, "America's No. 1 publicist," devotes his great talent and long experience to the writing of *Take Your Place at the Peace Table* (New York: The Gerent Press. \$1). This is a manual of guidance for those who in neighborhood groups or formal organizations inform themselves on major issues and wish to have their decisions count. No such

compendium of expert guidance in collecting and handling of information needed by voting citizens for their understanding of issues on which their own security and the lives of their children depend, has ever appeared before. The sixty pages of this manual cover the sources from which further data and discussion material may be obtained, the techniques of writing to national representatives, and—for more ambitious groups—of working through radio and the press.

RECOMMENDED READING—List IV

(Books for 8- to 14-year-olds, aimed at understanding of the various cultural strains within the population of the United States. Revision of List III, published in Spring 1942 COMMON GROUND.)

YOUNG AMERICANS

The Jumping-Off Place. Marian H. McNeely. New York: Longmans, Green. \$2

Roller Skates. Ruth Sawyer. New York: Viking. \$2.50

The Moffats. Eleanor Estes. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$2

Blue Willow. Doris Gates. New York: Viking. \$2.

On to Oregon! The Story of a Boy Pioneer. Honore Morrow. New York: Morrow. \$1.75

All-American. John R. Tunis. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$2

Keystone Kids. John R. Tunis. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$2

Our Foreign-Born Citizens. Annie E. S. Beard. New York: Crowell. \$2

America Was Like This. Emma Gelders Sterne. New York: Dodd, Mead. \$2

One God. Florence Mary Fitch. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$2

Up at City High. Joseph Gollomb. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$2

ALASKAN AMERICAN

Here Is Alaska. Evelyn Stefansson. New York: Scribners. \$2.50

AMERICAN INDIAN

Dancing Cloud: The Navajo Boy. Conrad and Mary Buff. New York: Viking. \$2.50

Waterless Mountain. Laura A. Armer. New York: Longmans, Green. \$2.50

In My Mother's House. Ann Nolan Clark. New York: Viking. \$2

Whispering Girl. Florence Crannell Means. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

BOHEMIAN AMERICAN

Maminka's Children. Elizabeth Orton Jones. New York: Macmillan. \$2.50

CHINESE AMERICAN

Two Lands for Ming. Virginia Fowler and Stanley Chin. New York: Scribners. \$2

DUTCH AMERICAN

Down Ryton Water. E. R. Gaggin. New York: Viking. \$2

ENGLISH AMERICAN

Puritan Adventure. Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2

Beppy Marlow. Elizabeth Janet Gray. New York: Viking. \$2

The Silver Pencil. Alice Dalgliesh. New York: Scribners. \$2.50

FINNISH AMERICAN

Honk, the Moose. Phil Stong. New York: Dodd, Mead. \$2.50

Inga of Porcupine Mine. Caroline R. Stone. New York: Holiday House. \$2

FRENCH AMERICAN

They Came from France. Clara Ingram Judson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

ITALIAN AMERICAN

Golden Gate. Valenti Angelo. New York: Viking. \$2

JAPANESE AMERICAN

The Moved-Outers. Florence Crannell Means. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

JEWISH AMERICAN

Haym Salomon: Son of Liberty. Howard Fast. New York: Julian Messner. \$2.50

Children of the Promise. Florence Crannell Means. New York: Friendship Press. \$1

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MEXICAN AMERICAN

Paradise Valley. Valenti Angelo. New York: Viking. \$2

Wooden Saddles: The Adventures of a Mexican Boy in His Own Land. Marion Lay. New York: Morrow. \$2

The Very Good Neighbors. Irmengarde Eberle. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2

NEGRO AMERICAN

The Child's Story of the Negro. Jane D. Shackelford. Washington, D.C.: Associated Publishers. \$1.25

Golden Slippers: An Anthology of Negro Poetry for Young Readers. Arna Bontemps. New York: Harpers. \$2.50

Tobe. Stella Gentry Sharpe. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. \$2

Great Tradition. Marjorie H. Allee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

Negro Builders and Heroes. Benjamin G. Brawley. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50

Up from Slavery. Booker T. Washington. New York: Sun Dial. \$1

Sad-Faced Boy. Arna Bontemps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

Shuttered Windows. Florence Crannell Means. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

Railroad to Freedom. Hildegarde Swift. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50

Zeke. Mary W. Ovington. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$2

Melindy's Medal. Georgene Faulkner and John Becker. New York: Messner. \$2

Steppin and Family. Hope Newell. New York: Oxford Press. \$2

Dr. George Washington Carver. Shirley Graham and George Lipscomb. New York: Messner. \$2.50

My Happy Days. Jane Shackelford. Washington, D.C.: Associated Publishers. \$2.15

Word Pictures of the Great. E. P. Dericotte. Washington, D.C.: Associated Publishers. \$1.50

Thirteen Against the Odds. Edwin R. Embree. New York: Viking. \$2.75

Our Negro Brother. Edith H. Mayer. New York: Shady Hill Press. \$1.50

NORWEGIAN AMERICAN

High Prairie. Walter and Marion Havighurst. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. \$2

POLISH AMERICAN

Up the Hill. Marguerite de Angeli. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2

RUSSIAN AMERICAN

A Boy Named John. John Cournos. New York: Scribners. \$1.50

SCOTTISH AMERICAN

Meggy MacIntosh. Elizabeth Janet Gray. New York: Viking. \$2

They Came from Scotland. Clara Ingram Judson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

SWEDISH AMERICAN

Elin's Amerika. Marguerite de Angeli. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2

They Came from Sweden. Clara Ingram Judson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2

CHILDREN OF OTHER COUNTRIES

Folk Songs of Many Lands. Castagnetta and Van Loon. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$1

This Is the World. Josephine van Dolzen Pease. Chicago: Rand McNally. \$2.50

AFRICA

Pepperfoot of Thursday Market. Robert Davis. New York: Holiday House. \$2

Boomba Lives in Africa. Caroline Singer and Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge. New York: Holiday House. \$1.75

RECOMMENDED READING

Here Is Africa. Attilio Gatti. New York: Scribners. \$2.50
Saranga the Pygmy. Attilio Gatti. New York: Scribners. \$2

AUSTRIA

Hansi. Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Viking. \$2

BELGIUM

The Golden Basket. Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Viking. \$2

BULGARIA

Dobry. Monica Shannon. New York: Viking. \$2.50

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

The Forgotten Finca. Christine von Hagen. New York: Nelson. \$2.50

The Little Angel. Alice Dalgliesh. New York: Scribners. \$2

The Boy with the Parrot. Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: Macmillan. \$2

The Water Carrier's Secret. Maria Chambers. New York: Oxford Press. \$2

The Least One. Ruth Sawyer. New York: Viking. \$2

CHINA

Mei Li. Thomas Handforth. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2

Made in China: The Story of China's Expression. Cornelia Spencer. New York: Knopf. \$3

The Girl Without a Country. Martha Lee Poston. New York: Nelson. \$2

Giants of China. Helena Kuo. New York: Dutton. \$3

When the Typhoon Blows. Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. Philadelphia: Winston. \$2

Dragon Fish. Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day. \$1.50

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Happy Times in Czechoslovakia. Libushka Bartusek. New York: Knopf. \$2

DENMARK

Sticks Across the Chimney. Nora Burglon. New York: Holiday House. \$2
Denmark Caravan. Ruth Bryan Owen. New York: Dodd, Mcad. \$2.50

ENGLAND

We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea. Arthur Ransome. New York: Macmillan. \$2

Lassie Come Home. Eric Knight. Philadelphia: Winston. \$2

Mary Poppins, Mary Poppins Comes Back, Mary Poppins Opens the Door. P. L. Travers. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. \$1.75 each

The Family from One End Street. Eve Garnett. New York: Vanguard. \$2

FINLAND

Finlandia: The Story of Sibelius. Elliott Arnold. New York: Holt. \$2.50

Heroes of the Kalevala. Babette Deutsch. New York: Messner. \$2.50

FRANCE

Anything Can Happen on the River! Carol Ryrie Brink. New York: Macmillan. \$1

The Ragman of Paris. Elizabeth Orton Jones. New York: Oxford Press. \$1.50

Pierre Keeps Watch. Maria Gleit. New York: Scribners. \$2

GERMANY

Emil and the Detectives. Erich Kastner. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2

GREECE

The Spear of Ulysses. Alison B. Alessios. New York: Longmans, Green. \$1.75

Wings for Nikias. Josephine Blackstock. New York: Putnam. \$2.50

HAITI

Popo and Fifina. Arna Bontemps and Langston Hughes. New York: Macmillan. \$1.75

COMMON GROUND

Black Fire: A Story of Henri Christophe. Covelle Newcomb. New York: Longmans, Green. \$2.50

HAWAII

Shark Hole. Nora Burglon. New York: Holiday House. \$2.25

HOLLAND

Gerrit and the Organ. Hilda van Stockum. New York: Viking. \$2.50

The Level Land. Dola de Jong. New York: Scribners. \$1.75

HUNGARY

The Good Master. Kate Seredy. New York: Viking. \$2.50

The White Stag. Kate Seredy. New York: Viking. \$2.50

The Singing Tree. Kate Seredy. New York: Viking. \$2.50

The Christmas Anna Angel. Ruth Sawyer. New York: Viking. \$2

ICELAND

Smoky Bay. Steingrimur Arason. New York: Macmillan. \$2

INDIA

Here Is India. Jean Kennedy. New York: Scribners. \$2.50

Gay Neck. Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: Dutton. \$2

IRELAND

The Little Black Hen. Eileen O'Faolain. New York: Random House. \$2

ITALY

Macaroni. Myna Lockwood. New York: Oxford Press. \$1

Nino. Valentino Angelo. New York: Viking. \$2

Handsome Donkey. M. G. Davis. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$1.75

JAPAN

The Cat Who Went to Heaven. Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: Macmillan. \$2

Great Sweeping Day. Esther Wood. New York: Longmans, Green. \$1.50

LAPLAND

Children of the Northlights. Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. New York: Viking. \$2

NORWAY

Ola. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50

Wings for Per. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50

Happy Times in Norway. Sigrid Undset. New York: Knopf. \$2

POLAND

Trumpeter of Krakow. Eric Kelly. New York: Macmillan. \$2.50

PORTUGAL

Manoel. Claire N. Atwater. New York: Longmans, Green. \$2

RUSSIA

Seven Simeons. Boris Artzybasheff. New York: Viking. \$2

Made in the USSR. William C. White. New York: Knopf. \$2

Struggle Is Our Brother. Gregor Felsen. New York: Dutton. \$2

SPAIN

Tonio Antonio. Ruth Sawyer. New York: Viking. \$1.75

Juan: Son of the Fisherman. Isabel de Palencia. New York: Longmans, Green. \$1.75

SWEDEN

Children of the Soil. Nora Burglon. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2

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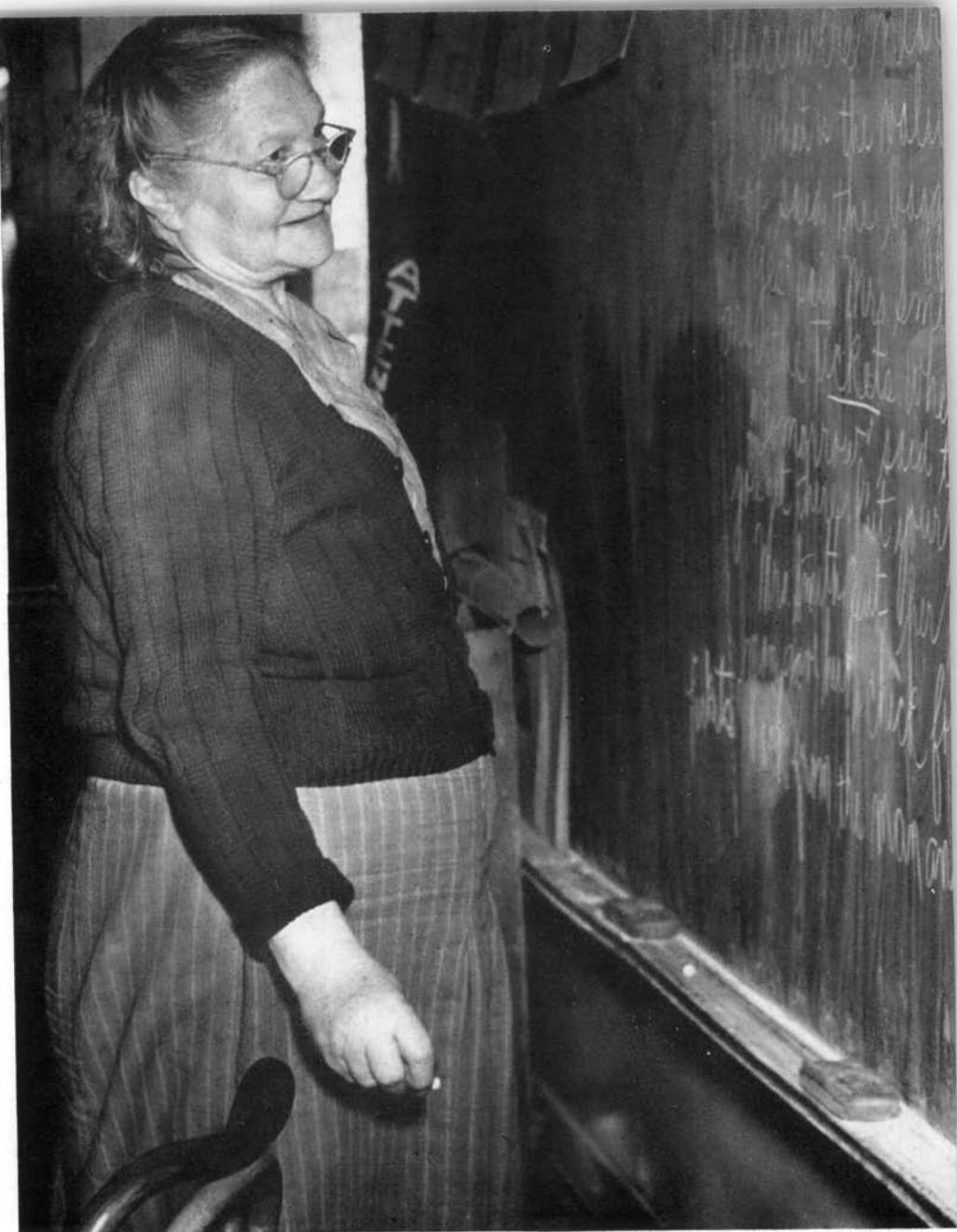
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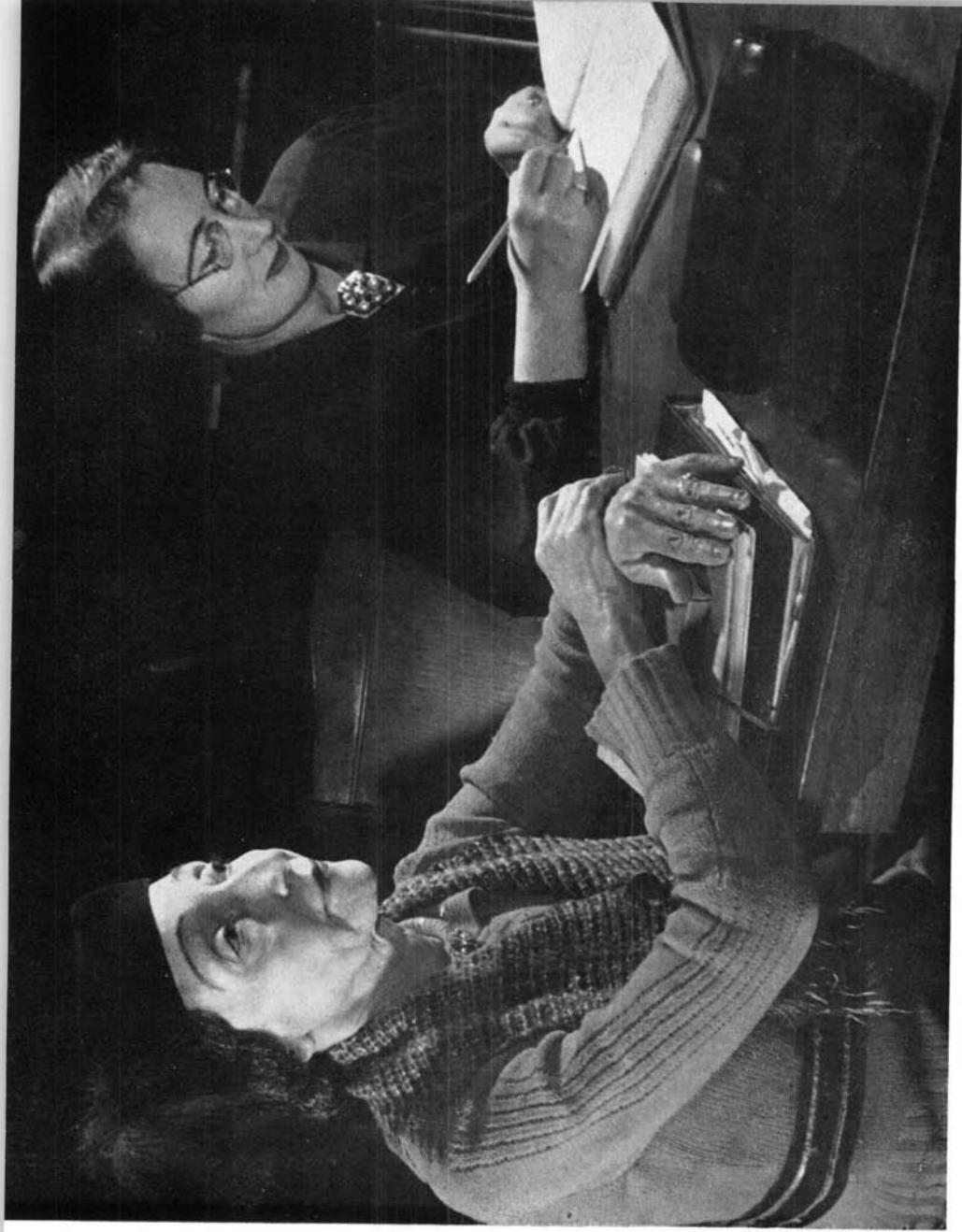
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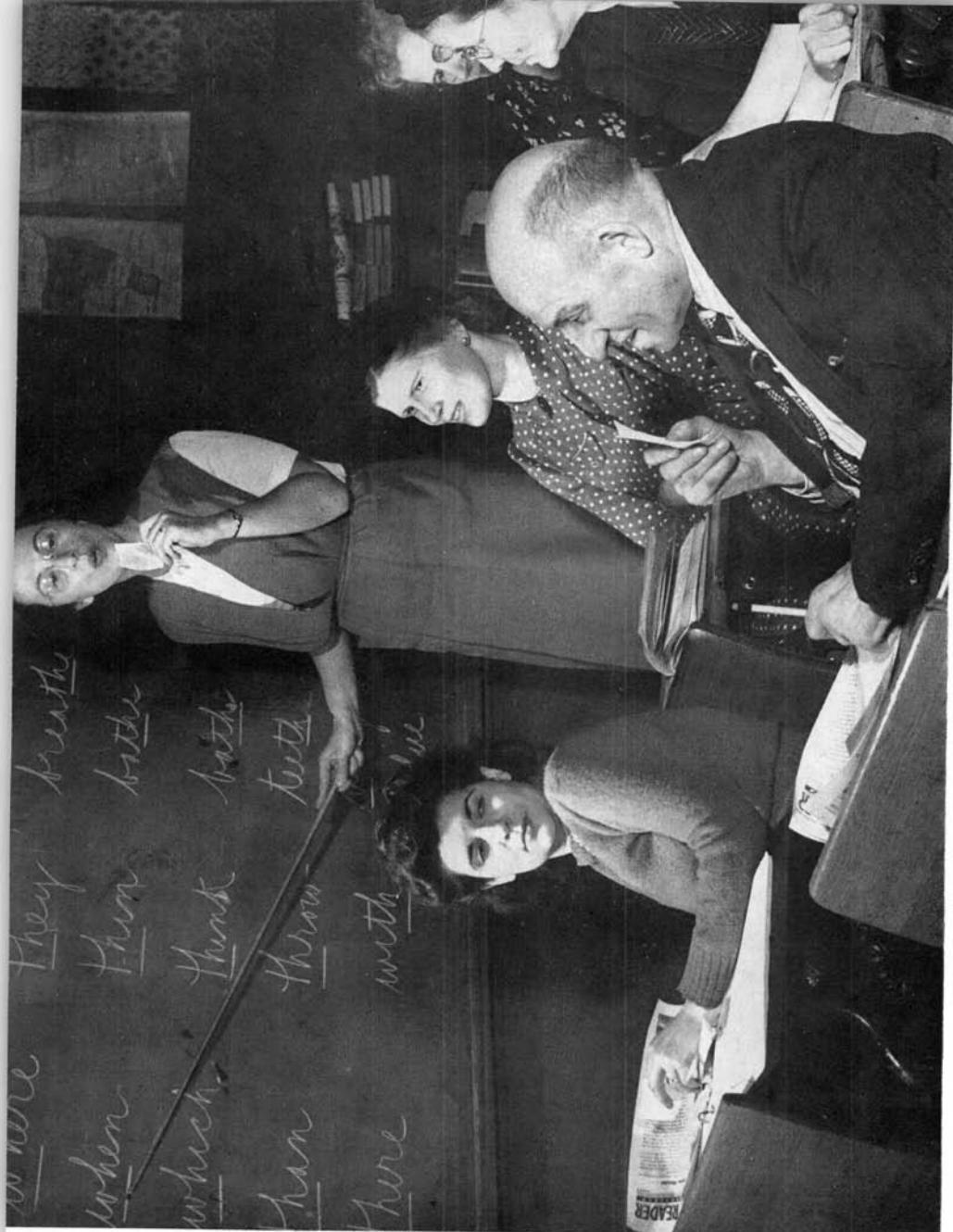
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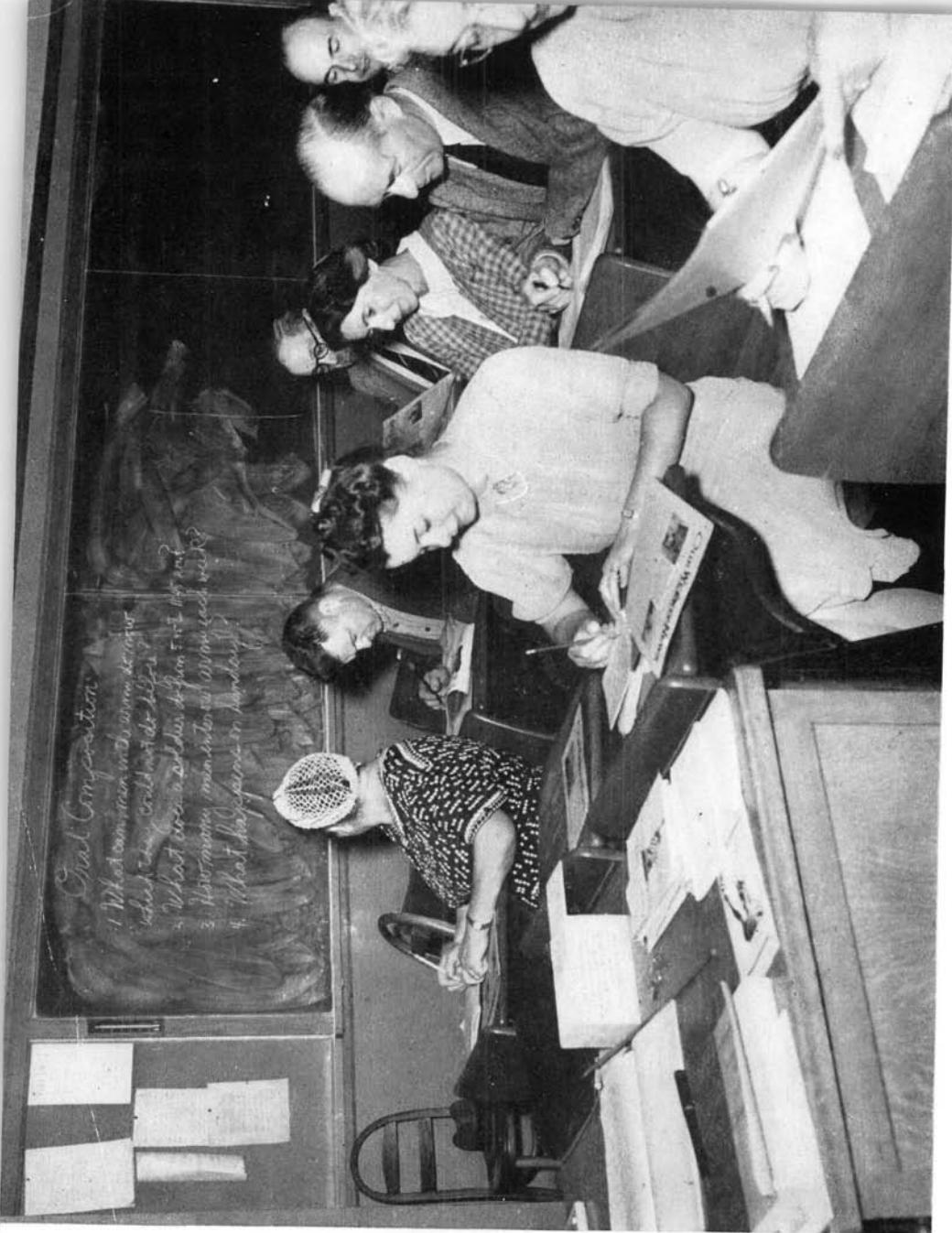
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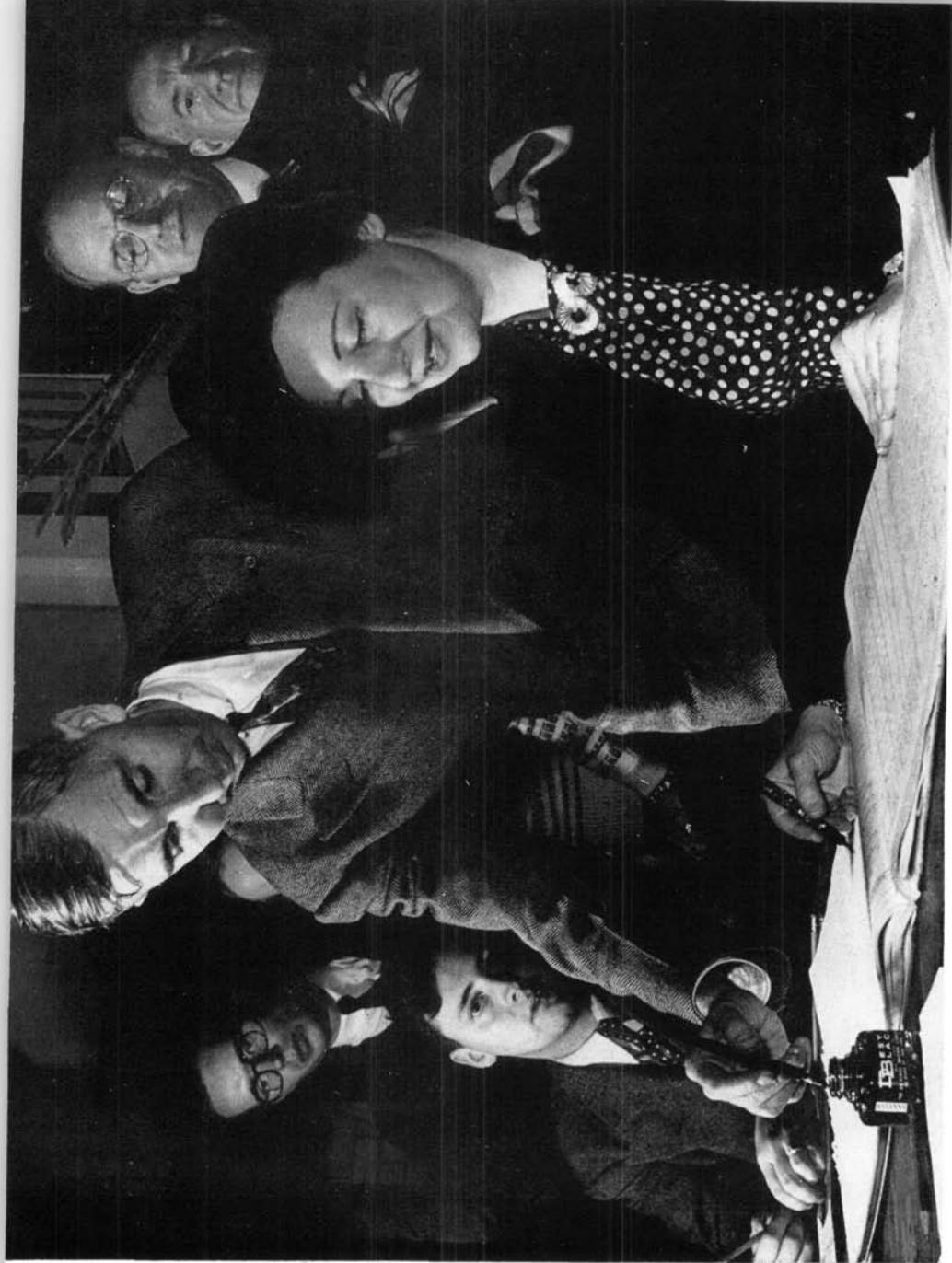
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